

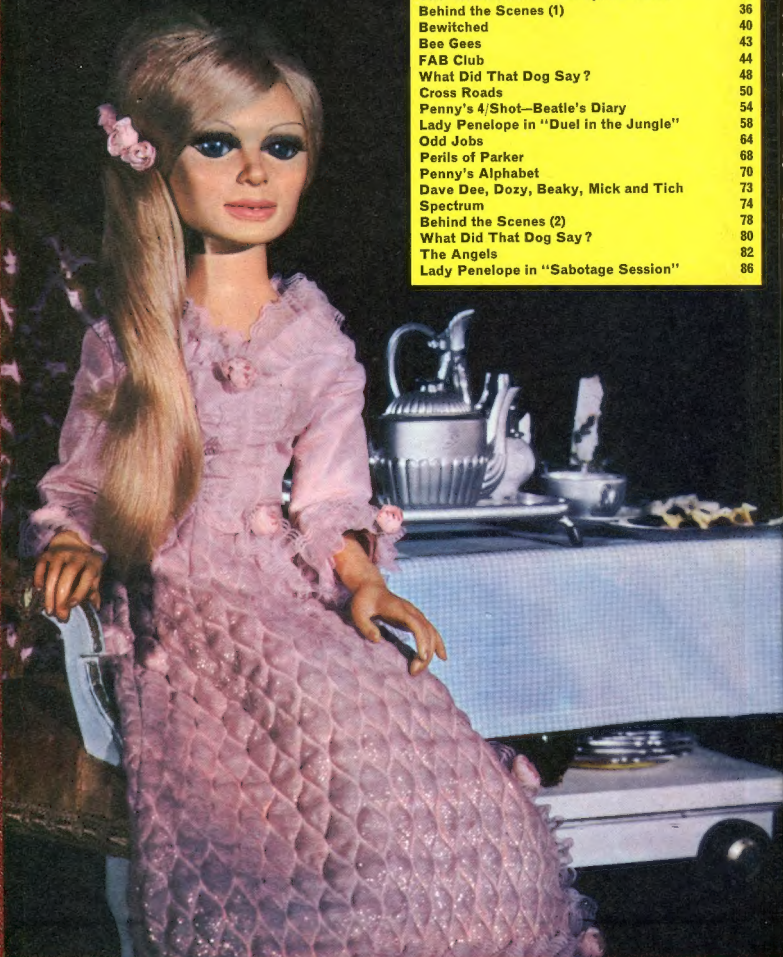
LADY

PENELOPE



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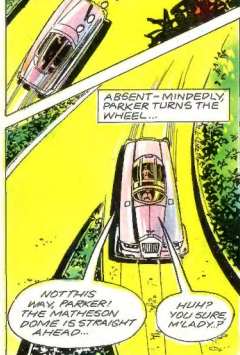
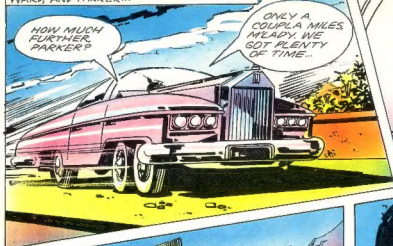


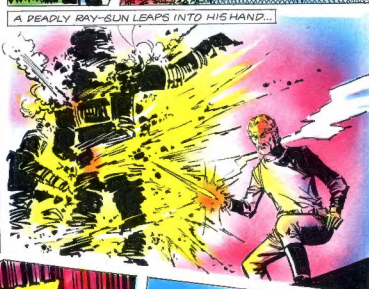
LADY PENELOPE IN SYMPHONY OF DEATH

THE MATHESON DOME, WORLD-FAMOUS
CULTURAL CENTRE ON THE CALIFORNIAN
COAST OF AMERICA...



ON THEIR WAY TO ATTEND AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, ARE LADY PENELOPE CREIGHTON-WARD, AND PARKER...

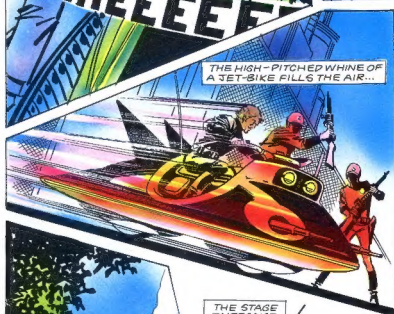
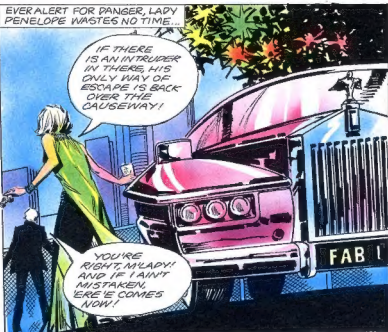




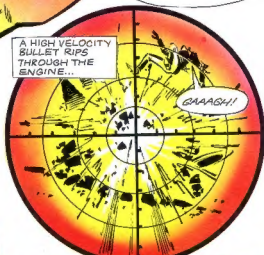
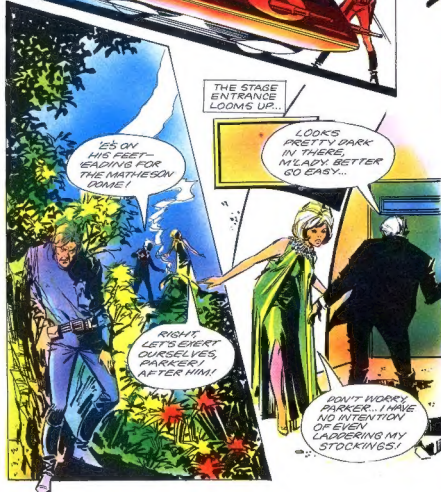
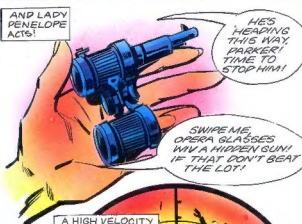
BUT SUDDENLY, JUST BEFORE THE INTERVAL...



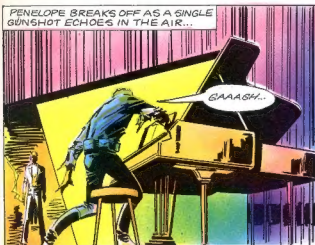
EVER ALERT FOR DANGER, LADY PENELOPE WASTES NO TIME...



AND LADY PENELOPE ACTS!



PENELOPE BREAKS OFF AS A SINGLE GUNSHOT ECHOES IN THE AIR...



THE BEREZNIK PIANIST SHRUGS COLDLY...

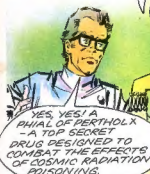


TELL ME, MR. COSHNORK... ARE YOU NORMALLY IN THE HABIT OF CARRYING A GUN?

I PRESUME YOU'RE FROM THE INSTITUTE, DOCTOR. WAS ANYTHING STOLEN?

BUT OF COURSE! A PUBLIC FIGURE SUCH AS I NEVER KNOWS WHEN HIS LIFE MIGHT BE IN DANGER.

GRIM-FACED SECURITY GUARDS STEP FORWARD...



YES, YES! A PHIAL OF PERTHOLX - A TOP SECRET DRUG DESIGNED TO COMBAT THE EFFECTS OF COSMIC RADIATION POISONING.

THEN IF IT ISN'T IN THE DEAD MAN'S POSSESSION, HE MUST HAVE PASSED IT ON. EVERYONE HE COULD HAVE HAD CONTACT WITH MUST BE SEARCHED.

THEN START WITH ME, MY DEAR FELLOW. THE SOONER THIS CHARADE IS OVER THE BETTER!

THEN LEAVE US IN PEACE... PLEASE. I STILL HAVE A PERFORMANCE TO FINISH, AND MY AUDIENCE IS GETTING RESTLESS.

FROWNING, LADY PENELOPE RETURNS TO HER BOX...



MADAM, THIS IS SERIOUS, AIN'T IT? IF THAT DRUG GETS INTO THE WRONG HANDS, IT COULD RUIN OUR WHOLE SYSTEM OF COSMIC RAY SPACE-DEFENCE...

EXACTLY, PARKER! FOR A MOMENT I SUSPECTED MR. COSHNORK... AND A BEREZNIK PLOT. BUT HE SEEMS TO BE IN THE CLEAR...

ONCE AGAIN, A MASTER'S MUSIC FILLS THE HALL...



THAT'S STRANGE! I WONDER...

I'VE SEEN THAT LOOK BEFORE! SHE'S ON TO SOMETHING!

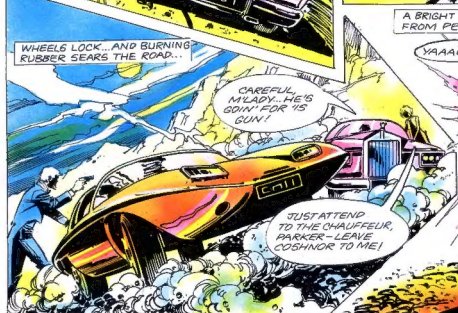
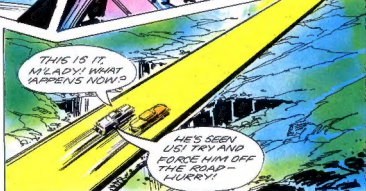
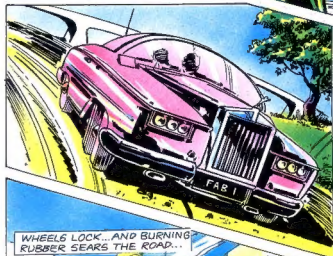


I MEANT ONLY TO WOUND HIM. IT IS A PITY...

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

NOTHING! I RECKON THE THIEF MUST HAVE DUMPED THE PHIAL BETWEEN HERE AND THE CAUSEWAY.

BUT EVEN AFTER THE PERFORMANCE, LADY PENELOPE MAKES NO MOVE...





NOW I KNOW I'M THICK... BUT WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT THE DECK IS GOIN' ON?

CERTAINLY! PLEASE EXAMINE THE INDEX FINGER OF HIS RIGHT HAND AND TELL ME IF THERE'S ANYTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT IT.



SINK ME... THE TOP OF IT IS FALSE!

YES, I SUSPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THAT. AND INSIDE, WE SHALL NO DOUBT FIND THE CONTENTS OF THE MISSING PHIAL—PERTHOL X!



YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT! BUT HOW?

HOW DID I TINK? SIMPLE! DURING THE SECOND HALF OF THE PERFORMANCE, I NOTICED THAT COSHNOR'S MIDDLE CHORDS WERE VERY SLIGHTLY OFF-KEY.

"WHEN I EXAMINED THE PIANO AFTERWARDS, I NOTICED THAT ONE OF THE NOTES HAD BEEN HOLLOWED OUT..."



COR, YOU AIN'T ALE CLEVER, MEADY! THEN THE WHOLE THING WAS A BEREZNIK PLOT AFTER ALL.



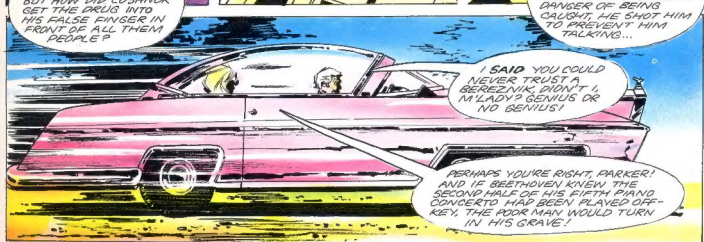
INSIDE WAS THE MISSING PHIAL—EMPTY.

THEN THE THIEF MUST AVE PUT IT THERE BEFORE HE WAS KNOCKED OFF. BUT HOW DID COSHNOR GET THE DRUG INTO HIS FALSE FINGER IN FRONT OF ALL THEM PEOPLE?

"SIMPLE, PARKER! THE PHIAL WAS IN FACT, A TINY HYPODERMIC SYRINGE. WHEN COSHNOR PRESSED THE NOTE, THE NEEDLE PIERCED THE IVORY AND PUMPED THE DRUG INTO HIS FALSE FINGER..."



EXACTLY! THE THIEF RUINED EVERYTHING BY RAISING THE ALARM. WHEN COSHNOR SAW HIS ASSOCIATE WAS IN DANGER OF BEING CAUGHT, HE SHOT HIM TO PREVENT HIM TALKING...



I SAID YOU COULD NEVER TRUST A BEREZNIK, DIDN'T I, M'LADY? GENIUS OR NO GENIUS!

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, PARKER! AND IF BEETHOVEN KNEW THE SECOND HALF OF HIS FIFTH PIANO CONCERTO HAD BEEN PLAYED OFF-KEY, THE POOR MAN WOULD TURN IN HIS GRAVE!

ONCE upon a time there used to be something in the world of fashion called the Paris Fashion Calendar.

Year after year the great fashion-makers designed their new dresses for the new seasons, added the last frills and furbelows, and gathered their model girls together. They took their place in the

queue on the Calendar to exhibit in two hours in their plush salons, just off the grand boulevards, their work of the previous three hundred and sixty-five days.

And the buyers from the big stores and the phalanxes of girl fashion reporters waited, hushed, breathless, to convey the designers' messages for the new season to the millions of girls in the big wide world outside.

For what Paris said was fashion law. What Paris said, the rest of the world copied slavishly. "A" lines, New Looks, Empire lines—if Paris said it, we wore it.

But not any more. The fashion revolution, in which the working girls of the world finally turned their backs on Paris, began when, in a few short Spring weeks, the girls of that swinging

beginning of 1968 saw curls, culottes, dandy black velvet and thigh-high smocks or tents for dancing; the "french" trouser and minishirtland sweater look for week-ending; capes and bright raincoats for swinging in the rain.

The new fashions bred their own minor revolutions, dictated by the revolution-



city of London vied with each other to see who could raise their skirts the highest. Thus was born the mini. Paris was stunned! Shocked! But London, and soon all Britain, was raring, gay. The mini called for accessories both beautiful and functional. The wave, once begun, became tidal and no one, not even Paris, could hold it back. The



aries themselves, who had by now left Paris somewhere way back on the starting line. The waistline made a re-entry (it was just like the old Paris days—but everything was happening ten times faster) and brown shaded belts became the in-thing, worn on plain dresses over long sweaters, and with new waisted trousers. But the mini, which inspired it all, had to bring about its own complete counter-revolution. Thus saw the arrival of the maxi—the long skirt with the really reach-me-down look. At this stage Paris just passed out of the picture. English girls had completed the full fashion cycle in a few months—the same thing had never taken less than ten years in the Paris of old. The trouble was, the counter-revolution was too



quick even for the young at heart. In came a compromise, and "anything goes"—mini, maxi, covered up or brazenly bare, you couldn't be out of fashion because everything was in. Minis became so short that something was needed just to keep rheumatism at bay. Culottes had a bumpy start on the scene; they came



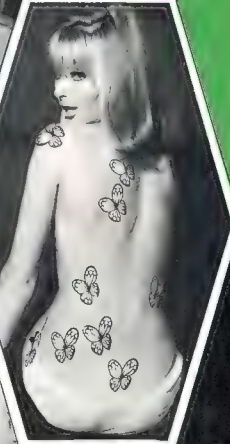
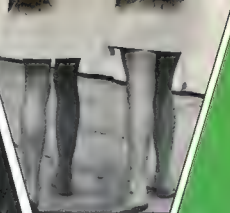
in, wavered a bit, went out of fashion and then came swinging back. But if mini-culottes, why not maxi-culottes? Well, why not? The "Twiggy Look" for figures was in—and that meant long, thin gangling legs. Maxi-culottes plus bump-toe long boots effectively covered up Twiggy-type legs. Out of this maze of "anything goes" you could glean a few trendy styles. Just about ahead of the packed field was the Thirties Look, sparked off by a movie called "Bonnie and Clyde", about an unorthodox set of gangsters in the nineteen-thirties. Many clothes were cut on the bias, which meant that they clung to the body and flared out at the hem. Thirties' beauties knew all the make-up tricks, which they copied from the movie-





queens of that day. Spiky mascara, lashings of lashes, bunches of curls. In '38 contrasts were sharp; today they are re-vamped, but with more subtlety.

So lips went cupid-bow, as Marlene Dietrich wore them, but with much more colour and lots and lots of gloss. Complexions went pale, but shapers were used for

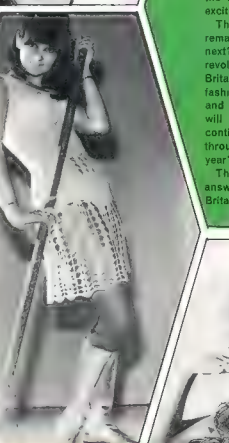
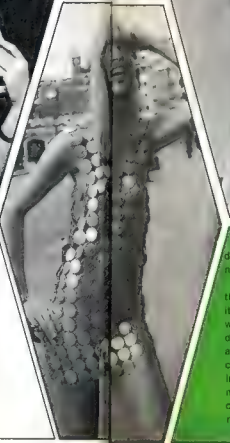


natural fragility. Eyes were lashed like Garbo's but dove-grey shadow went on the lids, with white to highlight. Dress-wise, the Thirties Look could be summed up with belts on the natural waist; lots of buttons—strictly tailored or softly self-covered, sometimes fastening with ruffled loops; skirts swinging from hip-hugging, stitched down pleats, or cut with droopy bias flare; fine body-draping fabrics like wool jersey, crepe and chiffon, faded or sludgy colours.

They liked exaggerations in the thirties and whatever the girls of the sixties like, it's certainly an exaggeration. So back came dramatic floppy hats, swathes of pearls, jet, choker beads. Gardenias or butterfly brooches replaced message



badges and the new high heel was thick but less clumpy than it was thirty years ago. Belts, bringing into fashion the clinched-in waist, gave a vital new look to the mini-movement. Big, beautiful belts, buckled or buttoned, clinched the move to femininity which began when skinny sweaters stretched to



dresses and tenty shapes narrowed to the body. The "more historic than the Thirties Look" showed itself in little dresses with white collars and white cuffs; dresses fitted on the waist and gathered out; fitted coats slightly flared with little capes attached; leg-of-mutton puff-sleeve tented coats with Peter Pan high-necks.

With every girl her own fashion expert, wearing the clothes she wants to wear at the price she can afford, Paris, once the unchallenged headquarters of the fashion world, continues to plod along, turning out vastly expensive clobber. Is there any point to it? The answer, believe it or not, is yes. For Paris is still good for

ideas—and ideas are the life-blood of fashion. Some beautiful clothes still come from Paris, whose resources, such as priceless fabrics, super cutters and finishers, are still no legend. It is the know-how to turn what Paris does into a ring-a-ding five-guinea copy that is now essentially British—and these two facts put together help to make the British girl the best-dressed and most exciting girl in the world.

The 64,000 dollar question remains: what will happen next? Will the whirling revolution begun here in Britain fizzle out, leaving fashion to go strait-laced and predictable again? Or will the girls of Britain continue to set the pace through another exciting year?

The only people who can answer that are—the girls of Britain!



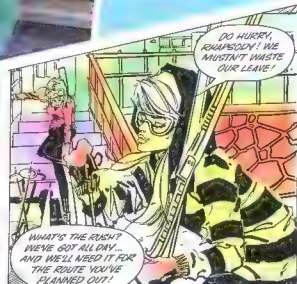


THE BEACH BOYS



APRÈS SKI

THE SKI-ING VILLAGE OF LAUFBERG,
SWITZERLAND



DO HURRY, RHAPSODY! WE
MUSTN'T WASTE
OUR LEAVE!

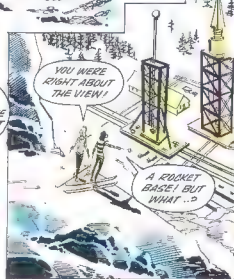
WHAT'S THE RUSH?
WE'VE GOT ALL DAY...
AND WE'LL NEED IT FOR
THE ROUTE YOU'VE
PLANNED OUT!



FOUR HOURS LATER

WE'D BETTER
TURN BACK - WE'RE
MILES OFF THE USUAL
SKI-TRAILS!

S.I.G.
BUT LET'S JUST
GET TO THE TOP OF
THIS RIDGE - THERE
SHOULD BE A GREAT
VIEW!



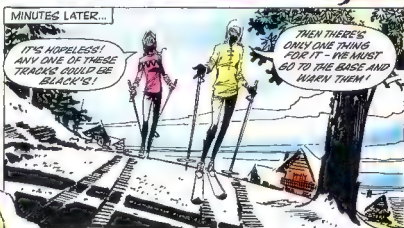
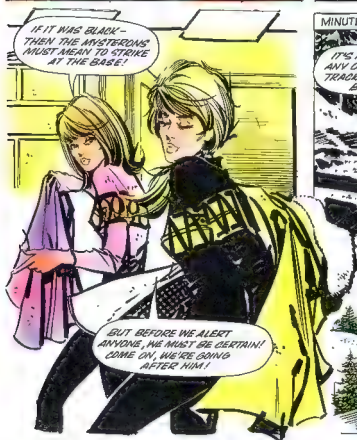
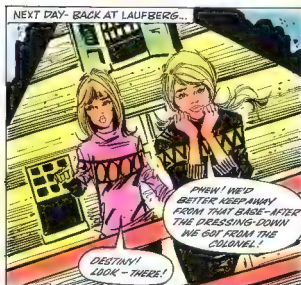
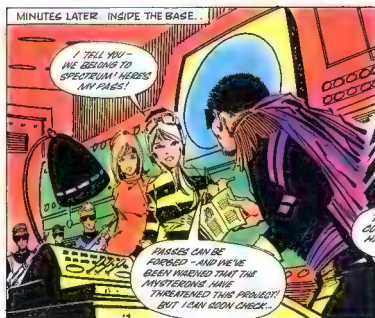
YOU WERE
RIGHT ABOUT
THE VIEW!

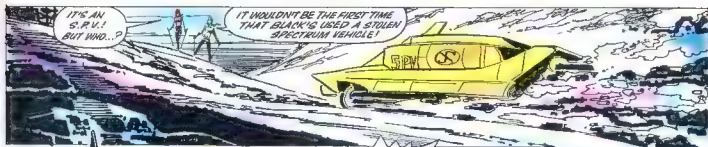
A ROCKET
BASE! BUT
WHAT...?



SUDDENLY

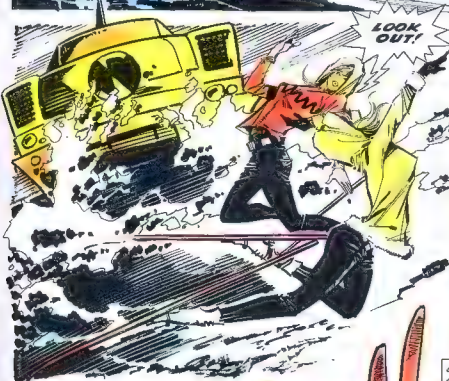
STAY WHERE
YOU ARE! WE DON'T
LIKE SPIES!





IT'S AN S.P.V.! BUT WHO...?

IT WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME THAT BLACK'S USED A STOLEN SPECTRUM VEHICLE!

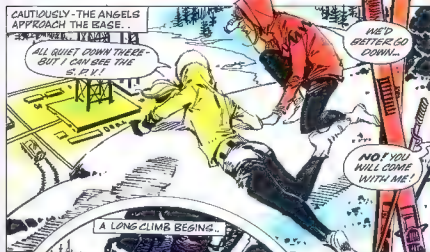


LOOK OUT!



HEADING FOR THE BASE - IT MUST HAVE BEEN BLACK!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO! WE'LL WATCH FROM THE RIDGE!



CAUTIOUSLY - THE ANGELS APPROACH THE BASE...

ALL QUIET DOWN THERE - BUT I CAN SEE THE S.P.V.'!

WE'D BETTER GO DOWN...

NOT! YOU WILL COME WITH ME!



CAPTAIN BLACK - CHIEF MYSTERON AGENT...

CAPTAIN BLACK!

PUT ON YOUR SKIS AND GO AHEAD OF ME! I SHALL NOT HESITATE TO SHOOT IF YOU ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE!



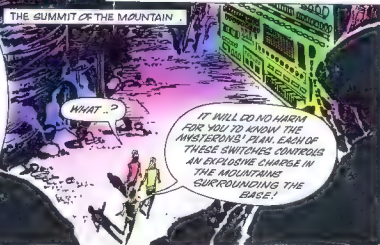
A LONG CLIMB BEGINS...

BUT WHO WAS IN THE S.P.V.?

IF IT WASN'T ONE OF BLACK'S AGENTS - WE'VE A CHANCE.

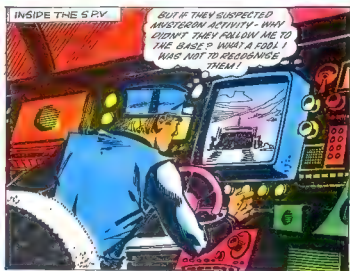
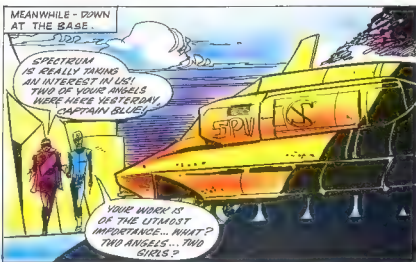
BE SILENT! YOU ARE APPROACHING MY PRESENT HEADQUARTERS!

THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN

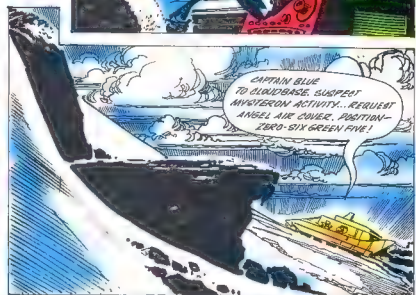


WHAT...?

IT WILL DO NO HARM FOR YOU TO KNOW THE MYSTERON'S PLAN. EACH OF THESE SWITCHES CONTROLS AN EXPLOSIVE CHARGE IN THE MOUNTAINS SURROUNDING THE BASE!



BLUE DRIVES BACK OVER HIS TRACKS...



AS CAPTAIN BLUE APPROACHES BLACK'S CAVE...



BLACK MAKES A DASH FOR THE CAVE

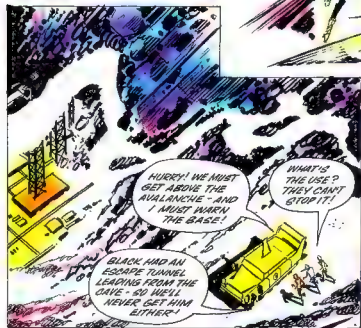




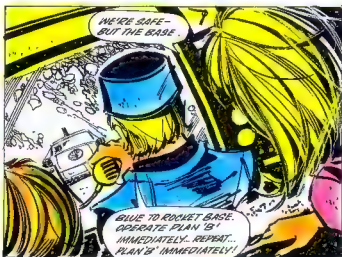
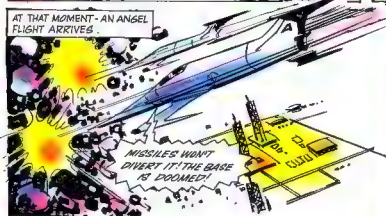
NEXT MOMENT-EXPLOSIONS RING ROUND THE VALLEY.

CAPTAIN BLUE-
LOOK OUT!
AVALANCHE!

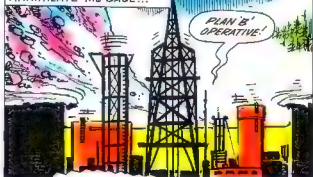
COME ON!
TO THE
S.P.W.!



AT THAT MOMENT - AN ANGEL
FLIGHT ARRIVES.



BUT AS THOUSANDS OF TONS
OF SNOW SWEEP DOWN TO
ANNIHILATE THE BASE...



THERE! NOW YOU
TWO CAN GET ON WITH
YOUR HOLIDAY!

BASE DIRECTOR TO
CAPTAIN BLUE - ALL OKAY...
BUT START PASSING -
EMERGENCY RATIONS
GET BURNING!

NO THANKS! IF THE
GIRLS UP THERE CAN
LAND - WE'VE GOT US BACK
TO CLOUDBASE. I'VE HAD
ENOUGH SNOW FOR
NOW!

FAB CLUB



COCONUT SHAPES

Ingredients

6 oz. desiccated coconut
4 tablespoons condensed milk
12 oz. icing sugar, sieved
1 drop of cochineal

Utensils

Wooden spoon
Mixing bowl
Plate
Pastry shapes
Bread-board



Mix the coconut and icing sugar together, then stir in the condensed milk and mix them until it becomes stiff. Divide the mix into two parts.

Pour a very small amount of cochineal into one half of the mixture and work it in evenly until it becomes pale pink in colour. Shape your portions to whatever shape you like. Long bars, square, round, diamonds, hearts or anything you wish. Repeat with the remaining half of the mixture.

Sprinkle a plate or a bread-board with icing sugar and leave your portions on this until they become firm. Then they will be ready for you to eat and enjoy.

RASPBERRY FRUIT POP

Ingredients

raspberry syrup
orangeade or lemonade
2-3 eating apples

Utensils

2 glasses
tablespoon
knife



Into the bottom of each glass pour 2 tablespoons of raspberry syrup over pieces of chopped apple. Top up with orangeade or lemonade.

Add a touch of chopped mint for flavour if desired.

Stir it very slowly and then it is ready to serve. A very refreshing quick drink for you to make.

CHOCOLATE PEARS

Ingredients

1 lb. chocolate (milk or plain)
2 medium pears
2 oz. raisins
2 glacé cherries

Utensils

Sheet of greaseproof paper
potato peeler
1 medium saucepan
1 knife
1 potato peeler



Wash the pears thoroughly, and take the stalks off. Dry and peel evenly. Take your potato peeler and push it straight through the middle of the pear, lengthways. Turn the peeler round in a circle. Then take the peeler out and you will find that you have removed the core from the pear.

Now that you have prepared your pears, you can start melting the chocolate. Grease the saucepan very slightly; break the chocolate into small pieces and put it in the saucepan. Heat over a medium gas for 5-10 minutes. While you are doing this you can place your pears on the greaseproof paper and stuff the hollow middle with raisins.

Now that the chocolate has melted take it off the gas and spread evenly over the pears. Add a glacé cherry to the top and then wait for them to cool.



MAKE YOUR OWN FAB APRON



This party-time apron is extremely easy to make. All you need is a piece of plastic sheeting the size of the dimensions shown, some pieces of felt, coloured ribbon, scissors, some raffia, a tube of all-purpose adhesive and a tube of rubber solution.

Follow the dimensions on the diagram or change them if you want a larger or smaller apron. Use clear or coloured plastic for the apron itself and contrasting coloured felt for the clown.

The clown should be 9 inches high from his chin to the top of his hat, leaving 4 inches for the zigzag lines below his chin.

Make the face, features, hat and the zigzag lines from coloured strips of felt which can be effectively shaded with coloured felt pens if you like. The hat decoration is a piece of coloured ribbon gathered in loops. The clown's side-whiskers are of raffia.

Attach the felt pieces to each other and the raffia to the felt with all-purpose adhesive; attach the completed clown and the zigzag lines to the plastic apron with rubber solution.

Make the ribbons to tie the apron from a strip of plastic about 30 inches long by 2 inches wide; then cut in two lengthwise, so that you have two strips 30 inches long and 1 inch wide. Turn over 1 inch of the end of each ribbon and stick down with all-purpose adhesive, place them in the centre at the top of the apron and stick in position. Cut a swallow-tail at each end of the two ribbons and your apron is complete.

How do you rate as a Friend?

Are you a good friend? Well, everyone likes to think they are. And everyone likes to have a good friend to confide in.

How do you rate in the friendly stakes? Here is a quick quiz to test yourself. Read it, answer the questions honestly, then check on how you made out with the score at the end.

- You have forgotten the birthday of a friend who always remembers yours. Do you:**
 - Admit your fault and apologise for it?
 - Say your card must have been lost in the post?
 - Say nothing, but buy her a particularly nice, if belated present?
- If you saw someone in difficulty in the street, would you:**
 - Immediately go to their assistance?
 - Quicken your step to pass them more rapidly?
 - Hang around until someone went to their aid?
- You have arranged to meet a friend. Then a more exciting appointment turns up for the same time. Do you:**
 - Make an excuse to put off your friend until another time?
 - Tell her you have a more exciting appointment and want to cancel your arrangement?
 - Go with her regardless?
- Your friend wants to get into the school netball team. You know she has no chance at all. Do you:**
 - Tell her frankly that she has no chance?
 - Tell her you think she is marvellous and that she should be successful?
 - Tell her to try, but tell her not to be too disappointed if she is not chosen?
- A friend of yours has bought you a Christmas present. You know what it is and how much it cost. When you are buying a present for her, do you:**
 - Decide to buy one at roughly the same price as the one she bought for you?
 - Buy one at a little under the price of the one she bought for you?
 - Buy a present for her regardless of the one she has bought you?
- A friend of yours has her hair styled in a way which you think is totally unsuited for her. Would you:**
 - Tell her so?
 - Praise her new hair style but keep your real views to yourself?
 - Say nothing about it?
- Suppose you had a new record player which had just been bought for your birthday or for a Christmas present. After you have had it for only two days, a friend asks to borrow it against your will. Would you:**
 - Say that you are very sorry but you don't like people borrowing your things?
 - Let her borrow it willingly?
 - Make up some excuse, so that you don't have to let her borrow it?
- Imagine you have bought a dress or jumper that a friend of yours likes very much. She tells you she wants exactly the same dress for herself. Would you:**
 - Say that it did not suit her, so that she wouldn't buy it?
 - Say go ahead, because you didn't really mind?
 - Say that they didn't have any more left in the shop and maybe she ought to try to buy something else?
- If one of your friends said something nasty about your best friend, would you:**
 - Take no notice and pass it off?
 - Say nothing but tell your best friend?
 - Politely tell the girl to stop being rude?
- If you made a promise to do a special chore for someone and you really didn't want to do it, would you:**
 - Do it all the same and get it over with?
 - Do it, but complain about it?
 - Not turn up at all?

HOW TO SCORE

Add up the total number of points you have scored by checking against the score card below. Then check your friendship rating.

1. (a)=3	(b)=1	(c)=3
2. (a)=3	(b)=1	(c)=2
3. (a)=1	(b)=3	(c)=3
4. (a)=2	(b)=1	(c)=3
5. (a)=2	(b)=1	(c)=3
6. (a)=3	(b)=1	(c)=2
7. (a)=2	(b)=3	(c)=1
8. (a)=1	(b)=3	(c)=1
9. (a)=2	(b)=1	(c)=3
10. (a)=3	(b)=2	(c)=1

TOP SCORE

If you scored between 22-30 then you will make a very good friend to lots of people. They will enjoy your company because they will think, quite rightly, that you are loyal, kind and honest with people.

NEXT SCORE

If you scored between 12-21 you make a reasonably good friend. You have a few faults—but then most good friends have, so don't worry too much about that.

BOTTOM SCORE

If you scored under 11 you need to polish up on your friendship—or be prepared to barricade yourself against all those enemies you must be making!



PARTY time is here again—so how about a new hair-style for that special occasion?

These two easy-to-do styles have been specially fashioned by Elida for party-going girls. The drawings show you how to do them, the photographs how they look when finished.



In *Style No. 1* you brush through in the direction of the set. From a low parting, brush a light fringe across the forehead. Keeping the rest of the hair as smooth as possible, flick the ends forward towards the face and secure either side with clips or a bow.



In *Style No. 2* make a short centre parting, and brush the front hair into deep waves either side of the forehead. Brush the side hair over the hand into a 'page-boy' effect.

Taking the back-crown section of the hair, back-brush lightly, smooth and secure with an elastic band. Then attach a bow of thick velvet ribbon.



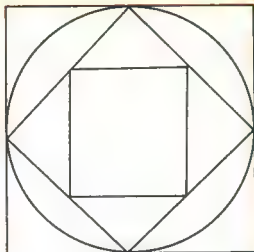


Here are two fabulous pictures of Mickey Dolenz. The pictures were taken at Wembley when the Monkees were over here on tour. Look carefully at both pictures and you will see that the top one differs slightly from the bottom one. There are five differences. Can you spot them?



So the answer must be 58 chocolates in the box.
Riddle verse:
 A lump of coal.
MONKEE PICTURES
 Mickey's microphone has vanished! a cymbal stand is missing! Mickey's shirt has changed! a band from the bass drum is missing! the foot lamp in front of the drum kit is missing.

Begin by finding the least common multiple of 3, 4, 5, 6. This was the number of rows in which the chocolates could be arranged. The lowest common multiple is 60. Find a number below 60 which when divided by each of the rows gives each row. The only number that does this is 58, like this:
 $58 \div 3 = 19 \text{ and } 1 \text{ over};$
 $58 \div 4 = 14 \text{ and } 2 \text{ over};$
 $58 \div 5 = 11 \text{ and } 3 \text{ over};$
 $58 \div 6 = 9 \text{ and } 4 \text{ over}.$



Here are two squares drawn inside a circle. Can you draw the circle and the two squares exactly as they appear here without raising your pencil off the paper and without drawing over any line a second time?

JANE'S BOX OF CHOCOLATES

Jane was given a box of chocolates and told that she was not to open it until she had worked out by arithmetic how many chocolates were in the box. All she had to work on was that the number of chocolates in the box was less than 100; that if she arranged them three in a row there would be one over; if four in a row there would be two over; if five in a row there would be three over; and if six in a row there would be four over.

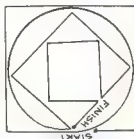
Jane worked it out and got the right answer. Get a pencil and paper and see if you can do it.



RIDDLE VERSE

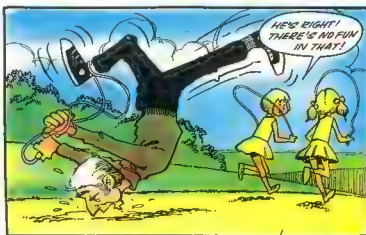
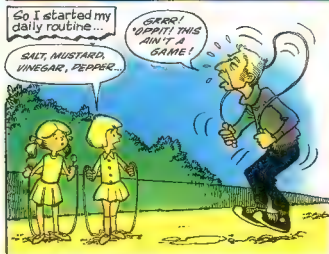
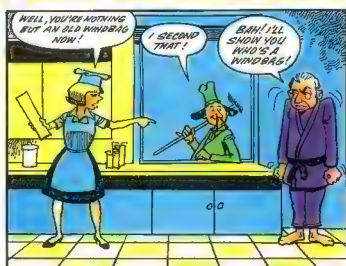
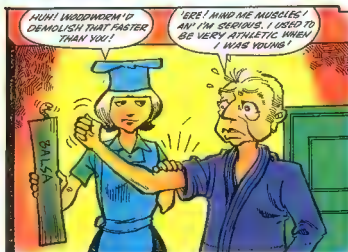
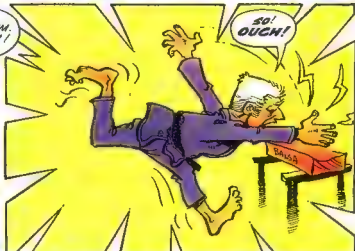
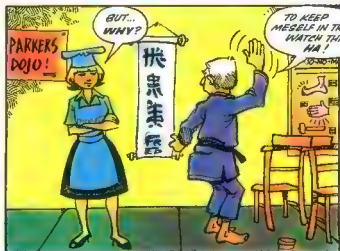
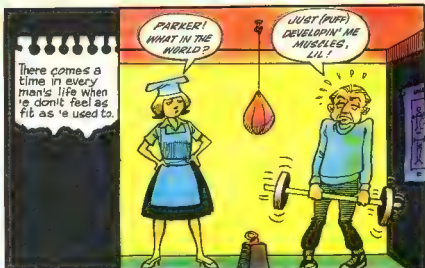
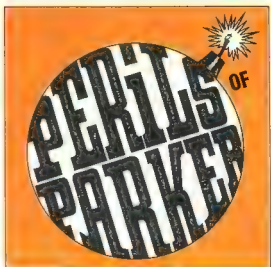
I am as black as black can be
 And yet I shine.
 My home is deep within the earth
 In darkest mine.

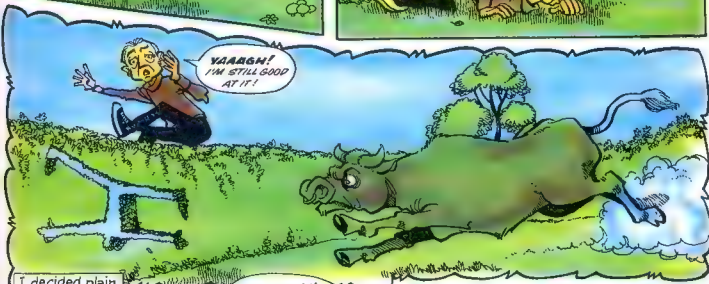
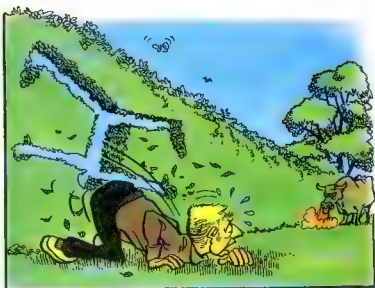
WHAT AM I?



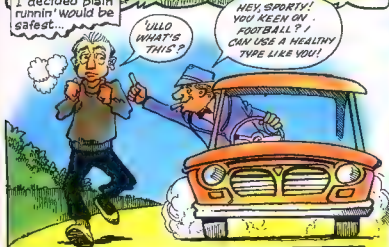
Squares in the circle

Jane's box of chocolates:





I decided plain runnin' would be safest...



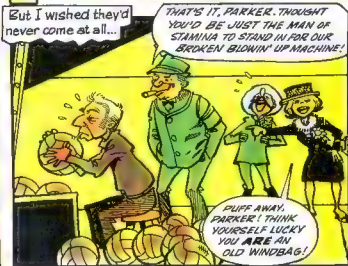
DEAD RIGHT! BE AT THE GROUND ON SATURDAY MORNIN'. YOU LOOK FIT ENOUGH TO ME!

So on the great day...



TRY AND STOP US! AN' WE'LL HAV ABOUT FOR THE AFTERNOON GAME, TOO!

But I wished they'd never come at all...



PUFF AWAY, PARKER! THINK YOURSELF LUCKY YOU ARE AN OLD WINDBAG!

CLASS SIX- STERNDORF

ASSASSIN'S GUN

A SCHOOROOM. Quite an ordinary schoolroom, except that the windows were frosted glass that no one could see through.

Miss Hofman, the blonde-haired teacher, sat at an everyday sort of desk in front of a typical blackboard, and faced her girls—a fair cross-section of the sort of girls one would expect to find at a Swiss finishing school.

Sue Carradine and Debbie Warwick from Britain, Marie Chibwe from Ghana, Tamara Ivanova the Russian, and Kirsten Jonsson, the Scandinavian form-captain.

"The last lesson before lunch," said Miss Hofman evenly, "will begin with a demonstration." She lifted the lid of her desk, and pulled out a small metal object with a snub nose, that fitted neatly into her hand—a Walther P.38 automatic pistol!

The blast of the gunshot slammed round the walls of the classroom—cunningly soundproofed walls—and Miss Hofman casually blew aside the small drift of smoke from the pistol muzzle. Not one of her pupils had made

a move, and their faces bore no trace of surprise.

"Extremely noisy. Of course a silencer could have been fitted—but the conventional types are so cumbersome for a girl to carry around all the time. Now, this lesson will deal with a mini-silencer that has just been developed in Czechoslovakia." Miss Hofman screwed an inch-long extension into the gun barrel and fired again. This time, the noise was just a dull thud.

"I will pass around pamphlets on this silencer, and I want you girls to read through, and learn exactly how the mechanism deadens the noise of the shot."

Yes, this was an ordinary schoolroom . . . but the lessons, and the girls who had to learn them, were anything but! This was Class Six, Sterndorf, where the daughters of International Secret Service agents came to learn their fathers' profession . . . to learn how to be spies!

THE girls of Class Six stuck pretty much together. They had to, for it was forbidden to mix with girls from other classes, who had not the slightest idea of what went

on behind the Class Six door. But this particular lunchtime, Debbie Warwick had occasion to leave the others and go back to the classroom for a book she had forgotten.

As she approached the door, normally kept strictly locked, and opened only by a special key-card, she saw to her surprise that it was slightly ajar. Cautiously, Debbie pushed it open more and peered inside.

What she saw brought a gasp of surprise, for one of her form-mates, her back to the door, had forced open Miss Hofman's desk! Even as Debbie watched, the girl took out the P.38 pistol with its minute silencer, and slipped it into her bag . . .

Gently, Debbie pulled the door to its original position and hurried back along the corridor to the lunch-hall, where Sue Carradine had kept a chair free.

"Didn't you get the book, Debbie?"

"Listen, Sue . . . this is important! Irma Metzner was in there . . . and she was stealing Miss Hofman's gun!" Debbie spoke close to her friend's ear, her voice no more than a whisper. "Why on earth do you think she'd want it? And whatever am I going to do?"

"Do?" Sue grinned. "Why, tell Miss Hofman, of course!"

"But that's sneaking!" Sue scoffed. "Don't be soft, Debbie! We're in this to sneak, aren't we? What's spying, if it isn't sneaking?"

Debbie looked worried. "Well, all right then. But will you come with me?"

MISS HOFMAN'S face gave nothing away when the girls reported to her in her study. "We'd better find Irma at once."

But Irma had gone. There was no sign of her either in the classroom, in the dormitory, or in the lunch-hall. And wherever she'd gone, the gun had gone with her. "We must search her

desk," said Miss Hofman decisively, as she led the way back to Class Six. "There may be some clue . . ."

There was. A single sheet of letter paper, with the words **GET REINHOLD KOTZE** printed on it in heavy pencil.

Miss Hofman drew in her breath sharply. "Reinhold Kotze! The East German politician! He's coming to Geneva for international talks . . . it's in all the papers!"

"Could . . . could Irma be going to kill him?" Debbie looked incredulously at the teacher.

"It looks like it. Irma is from East Germany herself. It may be that she is involved with an anti-government underground group."

"We'd better inform the police!" This was Sue. But Miss Hofman shook her head.

"Certainly not. And draw attention to this place? Remember the security that surrounds Class Six . . . it is always of maximum impor-

tance! No—Irma is one of our girls, so we must take action to stop her. Sue and Debbie, you will carry out this mission as part of your training. I have confidence in you."

Sue and Debbie could only gape in astonishment as Miss Hofman dismissed them. "It's crazy," breathed Sue. "Something as vital as an attempted assassination . . . and we've got to stop it!"

"There's no point in discussing it, Sue. If we've got the job, we'd better start making a move!"

In the complete privacy of the open hillside behind the school, the girls made their plans. Information. That was

the first thing . . . the vital thing before they could act. From a public telephone booth Sue telephoned the Geneva Press Association and found out the details of Reinhold Kotze's visit.

"He's coming in by special train," she told Debbie as she put the receiver down. "And it's due to pass through the Sterndorf locality this afternoon, at about four o'clock!"

"Then we can assume that Irma's hiding somewhere along the railway line," muttered Debbie. "She'll probably stop the train somehow and sneak aboard."

Sue nodded. "Come on, then . . . the sooner we get

to the main line and Irma, the sooner we'll have completed our mission!"

THE two friends had painstakingly combed every inch of the trackside for the two miles between Sterndorf station and the entrance to the long tunnel that took the lines deep into the mountains. Plate-layers' huts, empty wagons in sidings, inspection-pits between the rails. But they had found nothing. "She must have gone into the tunnel," said Debbie. "But why? She can't possibly stop the train in there . . ."

"Of course I can't." The voice came from the darkness just inside the brick-built tunnel mouth. "But I saw you



snooping around, and this seemed the best place to prepare an ambush. No—don't make a move! I have you covered!"

Irma Metzner stepped into view, a crooked smile on her face. Miss Hofman's gun was held firmly in her right hand, traversing slowly between Sue and Debbie.

"Sue. Take off your scarf and tie Debbie's hands behind her back. Quickly. And tie them tightly. I'll check."

There was nothing that Sue could do but obey. Then she stood, helpless, while Irma took Debbie's scarf and lashed her own hands behind her. "Now march! Into the tunnel!"

Irma forced the two girls fifty yards into the blackness, a pocket torch keeping a thin beam of light trained on them. "And now, my scarf!" Irma pulled it from her neck and motioned the other two girls to lie down. She bound their legs together at the ankles, so tightly that it was impos-

sible for them to move.

"Nothing," said Irma as she stood over them. "Nothing will stop me getting on that train." Then she was gone, the light snapping out and leaving Sue and Debbie in pitch blackness, with the distant tunnel mouth their only view of the outside world.

"Debbie!" Sue's voice was an urgent whisper. "Can you move your body at all? You're nearest the rails!"

"Yes, I can. But why?"

"Just before Irma's torch went out, I saw a set of points on the track . . . they must be right beside you! It means there's the sharp end of a switch-rail within your reach . . ."

"I get it!" Debbie sounded excited. "You mean, if I can get my wrists there . . ."

The girls panted and struggled, awkwardly moving themselves closer to the railway lines. And then Debbie found what she was feeling for. "Got it! And if you can move me just a little further along . . ."

Now the scarf binding her wrists was against the thin

edge of the switch-rail, and furiously, her muscles screaming in protest, she began to work the fabric against the sharp metal . . .

It took ages. Time and again Debbie told herself it was no use. The rubbing seemed to have no effect at all. But then, at last, she felt the strands of the woollen weave begin to give! "It's coming! It's almost there!"

With a final, superhuman effort, she strained her wrists apart, and the frayed fabric gave. Within moments, she had leaned forward to free her ankles from Sue's, and then unbound the scarf that lashed her friend's wrists.

Together, the girls sprinted for the end of the tunnel. Sue glanced at her watch.

"Four-fifteen! The train's due any minute! For Pete's sake, Debbie . . . we've no idea where Irma is by now! She must be tampering with signals along the line somewhere, to stop the train! But where?"

At that moment there came a faint humming from the rails beside them . . . a metallic vibration that made them look over their shoulders into the tunnel. And then the far-away booming . . . the roar of an oncoming express!

"Run, Debbie! We've got to stop Irma!"

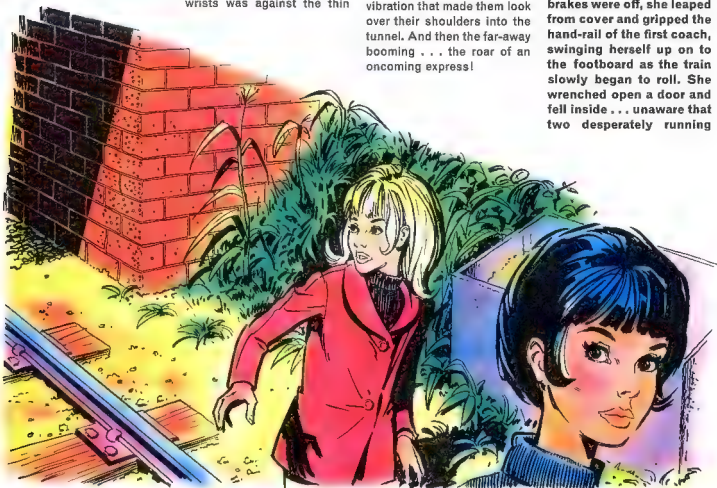
The two girls stumbled along the trackside, conscious of the swelling roar of the approaching train. Now it grew to a shriek, and the huge diesel came bursting out of the tunnel behind them, the roar of its twin windhorns seeming to din mockingly in their ears.

"We've failed!" Debbie gripped Sue by the arm. "It's passed us, and there's nothing we can do!"

But then, ahead, they saw a signal suddenly switch from green to red, and the two-coach train squealed its protest as the brakes jammed on!

BESIDE the signal, Irma crouched in the grass. The big diesel locomotive drew past her and came to a shuddering halt. In the same moment, her hands tore free the connecting wires she'd folded over the signal circuit, and the light changed once more to green.

Even as the hiss of released air told her the brakes were off, she leaped from cover and gripped the hand-rail of the first coach, swinging herself up on to the footboard as the train slowly began to roll. She wrenched open a door and fell inside . . . unaware that two desperately running



figures had managed to catch hold of the rails of the rear coach, hauling themselves to safety as the train gathered speed . . .

Irma stood up, breathing heavily. Her hand slipped into her pocket and drew out the P.38 pistol. Then she began to move up the corridor, towards the unsuspecting figure of the heavy man—an obvious bodyguard—leaning lazily out of the window.

It was as Sue and Debbie came through from the rear coach to the other that they saw Irma's fist come crashing down on the man's neck, to send him tumbling to the corridor floor, senseless! They saw the girl wrench open the door of the compartment behind the man, and step inside, her gun levelled . . .

"Quickly! For pity's sake!" Sue charged down the swaying corridor and flung herself into the compartment, her eyes taking in Irma's back, the thin, bearded man who stood suddenly up from the corner seat . . .

Sue's hand came round Irma's neck and jerked the girl backwards. Then Debbie was at her side, wrenching the gun from the girl's grasp . . .

"Stop! That's enough!"

The man with the beard stepped forward, thrusting Sue and Debbie away from Irma . . . and there was nothing in his eyes but an astonishing twinkle of amusement.

"It's all right," said Reinhold Kotze. "My daughter won't hurt me."

It was Debbie who found her voice first. "Your . . . your daughter?" She looked blankly from Kotze to Irma, and then to Sue.

"My daughter," reiterated Kotze. "You know her as Irma Metzner, but Kotze is her real name. A point of security. She had no intention of killing me, for she was merely carrying out orders. My orders."

"I—I don't understand!" Sue stood dumbfounded.

"You may be interested to know that I am on the

international body that governs the spy-class at Sterndorf," said Kotze. "You must be aware that it is entirely non-political."

"But that's nonsense," rapped Sue. "If it were true, then Miss Hofman would have known. She'd have told us!"

Irma stepped forward, to lay a hand on Sue's arm. "The whole thing was prearranged," she said. "I was given an assignment . . . to make a mock assassination attempt on my father. Then, Miss Hofman thought it would be a good idea if I 'allowed' someone to see me

stealing her gun. So you two were detailed to try and stop me. It was all a test to see how well we could carry out our missions."

Reinhold Kotze smiled. "It was a close thing. You might have been able to kill me, Irma . . . and, on the other hand, the other two might have been able to stop you. As a contest, I would say it was a draw. And now, girls . . . since the train will be stopping at Sterndorf to take on a mail coach, I suggest you prepare to leave. Unless you want to miss school and come on to Geneva . . ."

It was four hours later. The

Class Six form-room was empty, save for three girls. Irma, Sue and Debbie. Not one of them looked particularly pleased, for they were in detention, laboriously decoding long and uninteresting documents as punishments. Irma, because her assassination attempt had been pipped at the post, and Sue and Debbie because they had allowed themselves to be initially captured by their quarry.

"This may not be an ordinary school," said Debbie wearily, "but the punishments they hand out seem to be awfully familiar . . ."



THE MONKEES

Once Upon a Time...

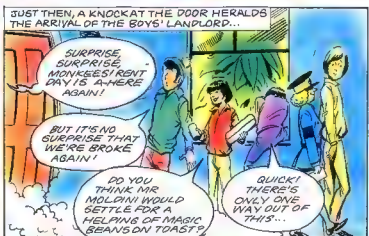
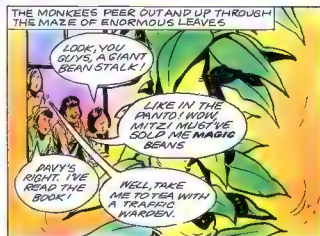
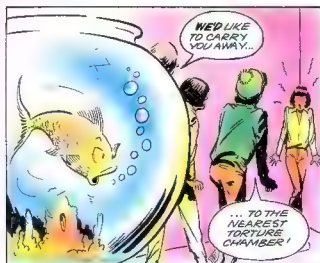


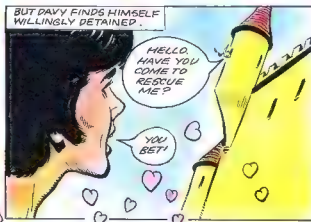
DAVY HAS GONE TO RUSTLE UP GRUB FOR FOUR STARVING MONKEES...

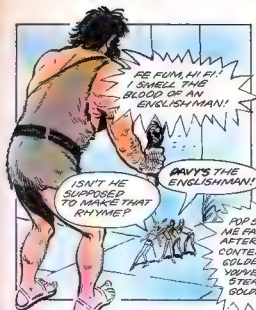


DAVY'S PALS DEMAND AN EXPLANATION.







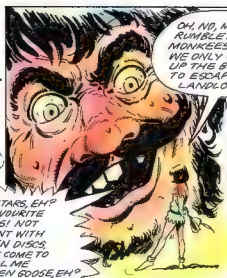


RE FUM, HI FI!
I SWELL THE
BLOOD OF AN
ENGLISHMAN!

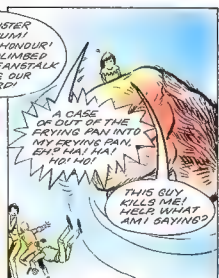
ISN'T HE
SUPPOSED
TO MAKE THAT
RHYME?

DAVY'S THE
ENGLISHMAN!

POP STARS, EH?
ME FAVOURITE
AFTERS! NOT
CONTENT WITH
GOLDEN DISCS,
YOU'VE COME TO
STEAL ME
GOLDEN GOOSE, EH?

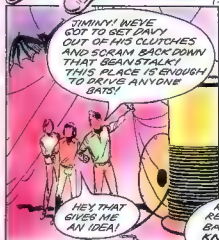


OH, NO, MISTER
RUMBLETUM!
MONKEES HONOUR!
WE ONLY CLIMBED
UP THE BEANSTALK
TO ESCAPE OUR
LANDLORD!



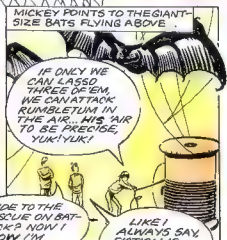
A CASE
OF OUT OF THE
FRYING PAN INTO
MY DRYING PAN,
EH? HAY, HAY!
HO! HO!

THIS GUY
KILLS ME!
WHER WHAT
AM I SAYING?



JIMINY! WE'VE
GOT TO GET DAVY
OUT OF HIS CLUTCHES
AND SCRAM BACK DOWN
THAT BEANSTALK!
THIS PLACE IS ENOUGH
TO DRIVE ANYONE
BATS!

HEY THAT
GIVES ME
AN IDEA!



MICKY POINTS TO THE GIANT-SIZE
BATS FLYING ABOVE

IF ONLY WE
CAN LASSO
THREE OF 'EM,
WE CAN ATTACK
RUMBLETUM IN
THE AIR... HIS 'AIR
TO BE PRECISE,
YUK! YUK!

RIDE TO THE
RESCUE ON BAT-
BACK? NOW I
KNOW I'M
DREAMING!

LIKE I
ALWAYS SAY,
FICTION IS
STRANGER
THAN FACT!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN
THE GIANT'S GRASP

NOW, MY LITTLE
MARMALADE, IF
YOU'RE A SINGER,
YOU CAN SING FOR
MY SUPPER!

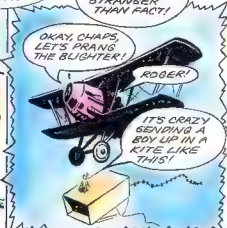
DON'T YOU MEAN
MY SUPPER? NO,
I GUESS YOU DON'T!



SQUADRON-LEADER WHODNAT
TO DAVY, OVER!

WHAT?
THE..

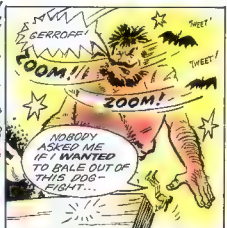
DIG THESE
MAGNIFICENT
MONKEES ON
THEIR FLYING
MACHINES.



OKAY, CHAPS,
LET'S FRANK
THE BLIGHTER!

ROGER!

IT'S CRAZY
SENDING A
BOY UP IN A
KITE LIKE
THIS!



GERROFF!

ZOOM!!

ZOOM!!

NBODY
ASKED ME
IF I WANTED
TO BALE OUT OF
THIS DOG-
FIGHT...



GOING UP!

TWANG!



HELLO
AGAIN!

GORRY I
CAN'T STOP.
I'LL TRY AND
INTRODUCE
MYSELF ON THE
WAY DOWN!

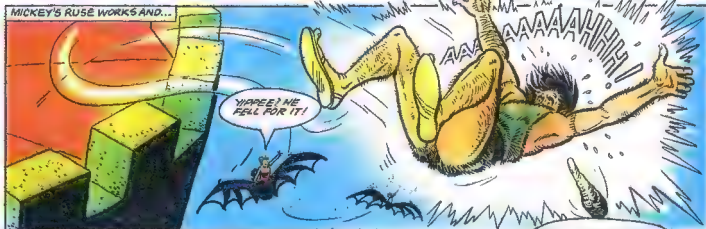


I'M SURE
I WAS RESCUED
ENOUGH THAN
THIS IN THE
BOOK!

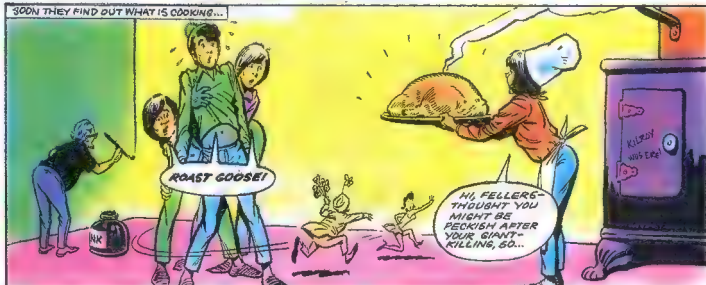
DURING THIS, GIANT RUMBLETUM
INTRODUCES THE MONKEES TO HIS CLUB...

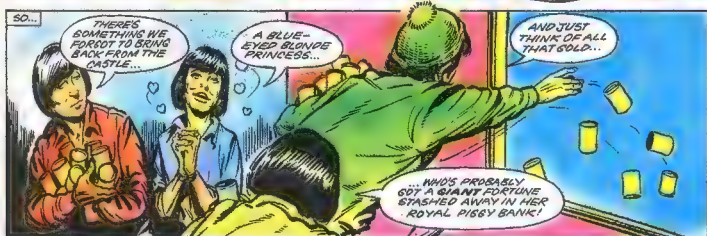
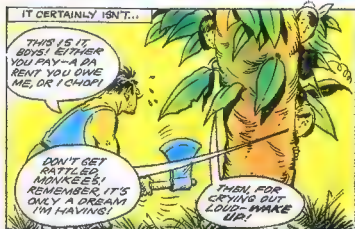
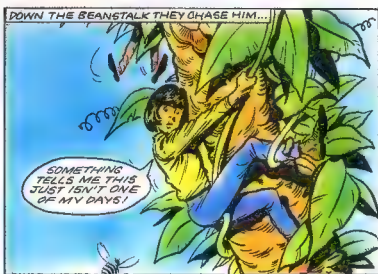


MICKEY'S RUSE WORKS AND...



SOON THEY FIND OUT WHAT IS COOKING...







BEHIND THE SCENES

THE WHO... TREMELOES... TRAFFIC... HERD... PACKAGE SHOW! TONIGHT!
The advertising boards glistened in the street lamps above the theatre, sending out a warming invitation to one and all. It was November, and evening sank into night as a chilling wind blasted its way through the streets of Slough. Outside a swarm of teenage fans besieged the "Stage Door" for a glimpse of their favourite pop stars. It was cold!

Inside the atmosphere was electric! The sound of reverb guitars twanged through the "holocaust" of tension as the lights faded; curtain rose and the HERD exploded into their latest hit parade chart buster. The audience rose in frenzied appreciation.

Scared stiff, though reveling in every second, I tripped gingerly down the aisle towards the EXIT door. Through the door and I escaped into another world. Backstage!

I stumbled up two flights of stairs and made for the dressing-rooms, intent on interviewing the pop idols. As I turned into the corridor at the top of the stairs I froze! Bang! Bang! The noise of pistol-fire and gun-smoke waited through the air. And grinning Tremeloe, Rick West flew past me and raced down the stairs, knocking me to the ground as he went. I picked myself up, but a second later was flat on all-fours again as Tremeloe drummer, Dave Munden bounded after him brandishing a starter's pistol. A blood-curdling roar cut the air.

I picked myself up again. This time warily looking right and left. Seeing that the coast was clear I proceeded cautiously to the dressing-room at the end of the corridor. At the door I was greeted by a gleaming set of teeth and a mop top hair cut. It was Chip Hawkes, lead singer and bass guitarist with the Trens.

I stepped into the room wondering what fate had in store for me. Did I say room? It was more like a box... small and triangular in shape. There was hardly room enough to swing a mouse, let alone the proverbial cat. The room itself was complemented with a dressing-table and scattered everywhere the Tremeloes' stage gear and Alan Blakeley, the other Trem. He was sitting on the small window ledge drinking Coca Cola; at his feet were dozens of empty 'Coke' cans.

Before I could corner Chip for the interview Pete Townshend of The Who glided into the room brandishing a smile and another 'Coke'. Keith Moon followed, head buried in a music paper. He immediately engaged Alan in conversation. Meanwhile, to add to the chaos, Chip and Pete were battling talk. I gave up any hopes of an interview!

The conversation faded away as another shot from the starter pistol hit the dust! And Dave Munden cheekily entered. "I've killed him," he said referring to Rick who was nowhere to be seen. "Actually he's watching Traffic on stage." Dave pushed his way

through the crowded room and waded to the crate of Coca Colas that were snuggled under the dressing-table. With 'Coke' in hand and smile on face Dave sat down to pose for pictures from a photographer that just happened to be laying around. He, too, was busily trying to get the whole group together for one shot. At one time he had two members together . . . then they all disappeared . . . then three returned . . . then left . . . chaos! In the end he gave up!

Somebody called for a Road Manager. "I'm a road manager," cried Chip. "I manage the M1 and M2." Pause for laughter.

And still more people came in and out of the room while cameras clicked and 'Coke' bottles chinked! And chaos reigned throughout! At last I managed to corner Chip. Before the Trens went on-stage he told me what it is like being backstage before a gig.

"We sometimes write songs, generally we laze about discussing future plans and things we're going to do. And of course play practical jokes on the other groups," he said cheerfully.

It was time for the Trens to go on-stage. They found Rick West at last, but lost Alan. And one photographer's hair had turned white.

They changed into their stage gear and hurried away. I followed and dodged into The Who's dressing-room to be greeted again by chaos and confusion as they, too, prepared to go on-stage.

I trapped Pete Townshend for five seconds, just enough time to find out that The Who didn't really enjoy waiting backstage for a performance and that they arrived at the theatre only half an hour before they were due on. Then the door burst open and Pete was whisked away to meet his mother at the stage door.

While Keith Moon changed I spoke to John Entwistle. "Backstage is rather boring. We smoke ciggies, drink 'Cokes' and smoke more ciggies. No time for writing songs. Who could in this atmosphere?" he said, and he had a point. "Anyway the room's too small." He was right on that score too! As confusion mounted and nerves frayed The Who got their cue to go on stage. They posed rapidly for a few pictures and then while people buzzed here and there . . . doing this and that, they too, trundled down the steps and on to the stage.

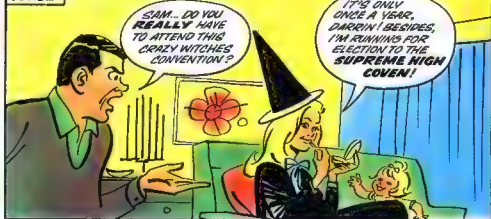
The chaos was dying down for a while. The Who were on-stage, so I slipped quietly out of the dressing-rooms and down the stairs. I passed the wings to find one of The Who's road-managers directing operations from the side. "Just seeing that nothing goes wrong," he said. In the centre of the stage The Who were exploding into fury while a dozen or more people littered the wings. Technicians, stage-hands, people watching and listening. And me! Trying rapidly to recover from the happenings of the last hour.

I fell outside back to reality. An evening in November. It was still cold.





AS DARRIN STEVENS DISCOVERS
ONE DAY, A WITCH'S WORK IS NEVER
DONE...



SAM... DO YOU REALLY HAVE TO ATTEND THIS CRAZY WITCHES CONVENTION?

IT'S ONLY
ONCE A YEAR,
DARRIN! BESIDES,
I'M RUNNING FOR
ELECTION TO THE
**SUPREME HIGH
COVEN!**



BUT DON'T WORRY!
I'VE ARRANGED FOR
MERDITA TO TAKE CARE
OF YOU AND TABITHA
WHILE I'M AWAY!

A NOVICE WITCH!
SHE'S ASKED FOR THIS,
ER... OUTING, TO COUNT AS
HER FINAL PAPER IN THE
QUALIFIED WITCH
EXAMINATIONS...
SO I THINK YOU'LL FIND
HER **VERY HELPFUL!**

WHO THE
HECK IS
MERDITA?



EVEN AS SAMANTHA DISAPPEARS...



**SHE SHOULD BE ALONG
AT ANY MINUTE...
BYE, HONEY!**

**SAM,
COME BACK...
YOU CAN'T DO THIS
TO ME!**

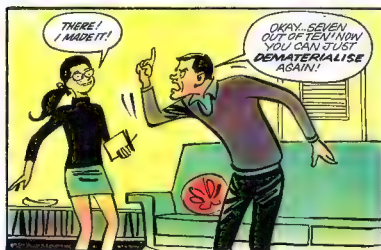


YOO-NOO
I'M MERDITA...
YOU MUST BE
MR. STEVENS!

YIIPE!

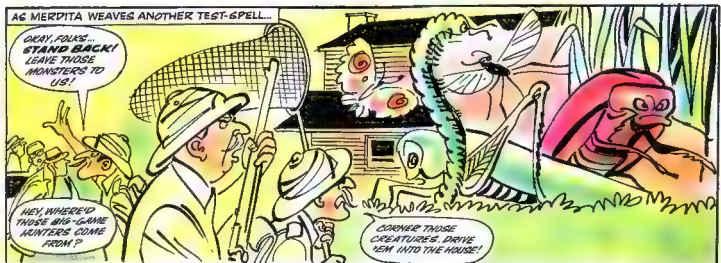
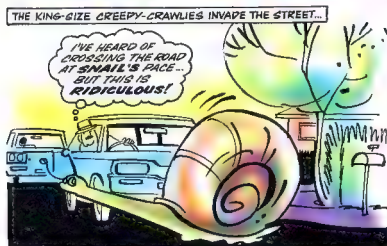
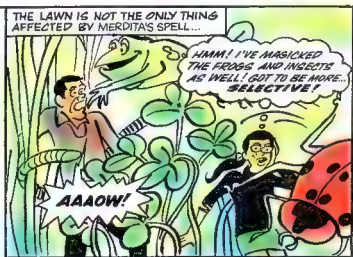
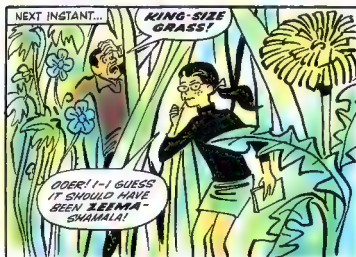
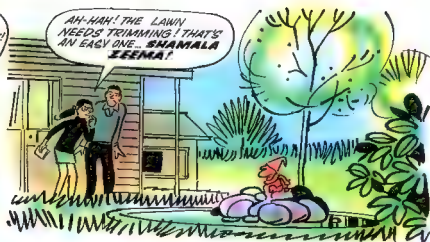
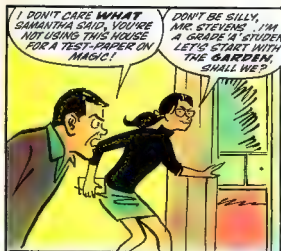


OOOPS! SORRY ABOUT THAT! HAVE TO CHECK MY NOTES ON MATERIALISATION!
EASY DOES IT!



**THERE!
I MADE IT!**

OKAY...SEVEN
OUT OF TEN! NOW
YOU CAN JUST
DEMATERIALISE
AGAIN!



THE BEE GEE'S



FAB CLUB

MORE FAB RECIPES

OPALS COULD BE A GIRL'S WORST FRIEND

EXTRAORDINARY superstitions surround some of the precious stones that can be bought at any jeweller's. For instance, it is widely held that an engagement ring containing pearls will bring tears to the marriage.

In the Middle Ages almost everyone believed that if you wore a ruby it would prevent all evil thoughts. Priests wore rubies as a matter of course.

People also believed that a ruby could kill any poisonous reptile that was put in the same vessel with it.

No stone was considered more unlucky than the opal.

Many stories are told about the ill-fate of owners of these stones, but perhaps the most curious concerns a priceless opal which belonged to Alphonso XII, King of Spain, nearly a century ago.

On his wedding day, Alphonso presented the opal set in a ring to his wife. Shortly afterwards she died.

Before the funeral, Alphonso gave the ring to his sister, and a few days later she died too.

The King then gave the ring to his sister-in-law, who died three months later.

Thinking that the ring must be fated, and determined to prove otherwise, Alphonso decided to wear it himself. A short time later, he died.

Subsequently the ring came into the possession of the Queen Regent, who, without further ado, hung it round the neck of the statue of the Virgin of Almudena in Madrid.

TOFFEE APPLES

INGREDIENTS

- 1 lb. small eating apples
- 1 lb. treacle
- 1 lb. demerara sugar
- 1 lb. butter or margarine

UTENSILS

- Large saucepan
- Wooden spoon
- Teacup of cold water
- Teaspoon
- Sharp-ended sticks for each apple
- Greaseproof paper
- Bread-board



Wash your apples thoroughly under cold water and then dry. Remove stalks and stick one of your sharp-ended pieces of wood through the middle of the apple.

Melt the margarine or butter over a low gas. When it has all dissolved, add the treacle and sugar and stir it very gently until the mixture is boiling.

Be very careful not to let it burn. After about 10-15 minutes of gentle simmering use the teaspoon to test if the toffee is ready.

To do this, you take a little toffee in the teaspoon and drop it into the cup of cold water. If it hardens in the water, it is ready.

Carefully dip each apple into the thick toffee until it is well covered right up to the stick. Stand each apple upright on your greaseproof paper on the bread-board till the toffee is set.

BAKED BANANA SLICES WITH NUTS

INGREDIENTS

- 2 bananas
- 1 lemon
- 2 tablespoons demerara sugar
- 2 ea. butter
- 1 lb. shelled walnuts
- Cream to serve with finished dish
- Custard, if preferred

UTENSILS

- Medium-sized dish
- Tablespoon
- Knife
- Bread-board
- Palette knife



Peel the bananas and slice them lengthways. Spread the butter very lightly along the top of each one.

Grease round the medium dish. Lay the bananas in the dish, flat, unbuttered side down. Squeeze lemon-juice over them and then sprinkle all over with brown sugar.

Crush up the shelled nuts and sprinkle bits over the bananas. Bake in a medium hot oven for about 15 minutes, or until the sugar is crispy.

Use slice to remove bananas from dish to avoid breaking them. Serve piping hot with cream or custard.

YOUR FATE IN THE PLANETS

Ten out of ten people know the horoscope sign they were born under. But astrologers also claim that everyone is born under a certain planet or star. This is how they work it out:

MOON



Day of Month on which born 1, 10, 19, 28. **Lucky colours** Green or yellow. **Lucky stone** Topaz. **Ideal partner for marriage born under Moon.** **Character** Beware of rushing things—your chief fault.

SUN



JUPITER



Day of Month on which born 2, 11, 20, 29. **Lucky colours** Pale green or pale yellow. **Lucky stone** Moonstone. **Ideal partner for marriage born under Sun.** **Character** Slightly lazy, dreamy and idealistic.

Day of Month on which born 3, 12, 21, 30. **Lucky colours** Purple or mauve. **Lucky stone** Amethyst. **Ideal partner for marriage born under Mars.** **Character** Proud, kind and always willing to help.

VENUS



URANUS



MARS



MERCURY



Day of month on which born 5, 14, 23. **Lucky colours** Grey or grey-blue. **Lucky stone** Diamond. **Ideal partner for marriage born under Uranus, Mars or Mercury.** **Character** Generous and easily changeable.

Day of month on which born 6, 15, 24. **Lucky colour** Blue. **Lucky stone** Turquoise. **Ideal partner for marriage born under Mars or Saturn.** **Character** Affectionate, emotional, artistic.

NEPTUNE



Day of month on which born 7, 16, 25. **Lucky colours** Sea-green and cream. **Lucky stone** Aquamarine. **Ideal partner for marriage born under Moon, Sun or Uranus.** **Character** Clever, idealistic, slightly mysterious.

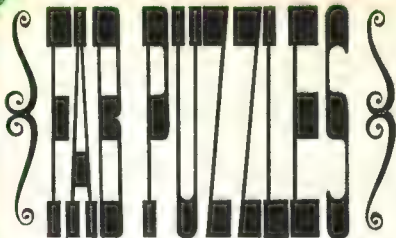
Day of month on which born 4, 13, 22, 31. **Lucky colours** Brown, fawn or bronze. **Lucky stone** Crystal. **Ideal partner for marriage born under Neptune.** **Character** Changeable, but with much self-control.

SATURN

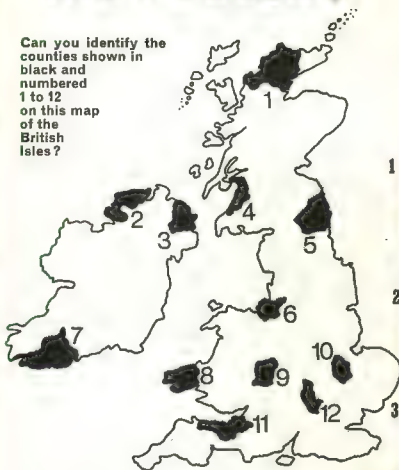


Day of month on which born 8, 17, 26. **Lucky colours** Black or dark shades. **Lucky stone** Onyx. **Ideal partner for marriage born under Venus.** **Character** Energetic, good organiser.

Day of month on which born 9, 18, 27. **Lucky colour** Red. **Lucky stone** Ruby. **Ideal partner for marriage born under Jupiter or Mars.** **Character** Ambitious, hasty, very trusting.



Can you identify the counties shown in black and numbered 1 to 12 on this map of the British Isles?



ANSWERS

1. They were husband and wife.
2. Only one—the rest were coming away from St. Ives.
3. The girl was nine.
4. Counties on the map:
1. Sutherland, 2. Donegal, 3. Antrim, 4. Argyll, 5. Northumbria, 6. Cheshire, 7. Lancashire, 8. Derbyshire, 9. Staffordshire, 10. Shropshire, 11. Herefordshire, 12. Gloucestershire.
Unusual views:
1. Match-sticks, 2. Cigarettes, 3. Zip, 4. Pins.
Mystery picture:
Rear view of an elephant walking away.

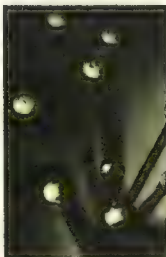
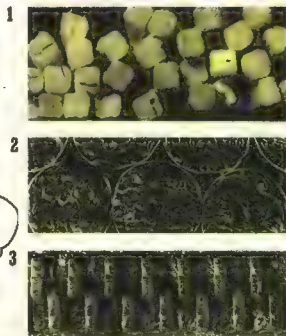
Try these puzzles on your friends. You will find that they seem quite easy when you read them, but they are much harder to work out when they are spoken.

1. Two people were crossing a bridge. One was the father of the other one's son. What relation were the two people?

2. As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Each wife had seven bags,
In them were seven cats.
How many were going to St. Ives?

3. A girl of nine got on a bus and travelled for seven miles. She then got off, walked one-and-a-half miles to the railway station and took a train for twenty miles. When she got off the train she took a taxi for nine miles. Finally, she walked the last mile home. How old was she?

Can you identify the familiar objects in these four unusual views?



What is this picture?



TOUGHTEST pirate on the Spanish Main two hundred years ago was a woman—Ann Bonney. She and her friend Mary Read were in the pirate crew of cut-throat Calico Jack Rackham.

When Calico Jack's ship was attacked by a British naval sloop off Jamaica, all the pirates, with the exception of Ann and Mary, fled below-decks under the fierce onslaught. But the two women, dressed in men's clothes, stood shoulder-to-shoulder and fought a terrible lone battle with the navy men until overcome by sheer numbers.

Both women were tried in Jamaica and condemned to death for piracy on the high seas. But Mary died before the gallows could claim her and Ann's father secured her release through the intervention of his wealthy and influential friends.

FAB GIRLS



MOST people have heard about the French acrobat Blondin who achieved fame by crossing the Niagara Falls several times on a tightrope. But his equal in courage was the woman Blondin was reported to have taken across in a wheelbarrow while blindfolded. Blondin made a fortune from his daring tricks—but the name of the woman in the wheelbarrow is lost to the world for ever.

MOST wanted woman during the American Civil War was 26-year-old actress Pauline Cushman—ace spy of the Union Army. Pauline, recruited by Abraham Lincoln's spy chief, Allan Pinkerton, used her acting experience to wander undetected among enemy Confederate camps, stealing maps and plans and gleaned information by getting into conversation with the Confederate soldiers. One day she was caught red-handed stealing a campaign map, tried by court martial and sentenced to death. But a few days before the execution, the Union Army captured the Confederate camp where sentence on Pauline was to be carried out, and freed her. Praising her courage, Lincoln said he was obliged to retire her from the spy service because every Confederate soldier in the United States was now looking for her.

GERTRUDE CAROLINE EDERLE was just 19 when she became the first woman to swim the English Channel in 1926. Gertrude, an American, swam from Cape Gris-Nez to Dover in 14 hours 31 minutes—a distance of 35 miles. She won her first important international race when she was only 14 years old.



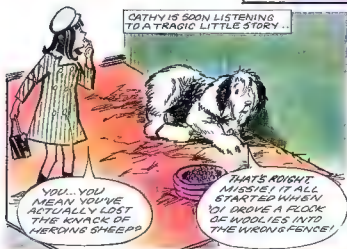
Cathy Thomson ... the girl who can understand dog language!

WHAT DID THAT
DOG SAY?

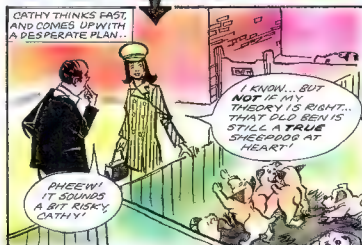
CATHY THOMSON ANSWERS A DISTRESS CALL FROM
HER FRIEND AT THE LOCAL KENNELS...

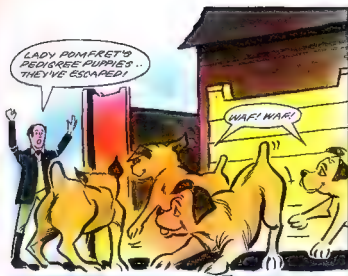


CATHY IS SOON LISTENING
TO A TRAGIC LITTLE STORY...

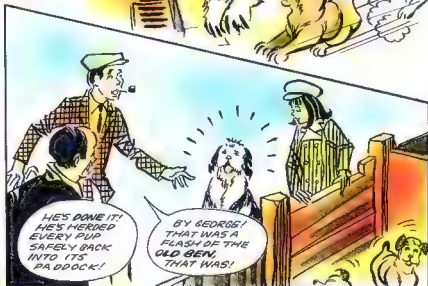
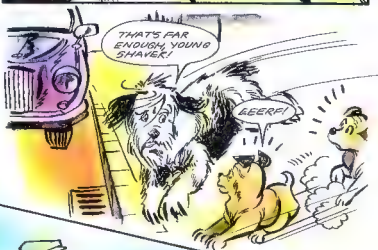


CATHY THINKS FAST,
AND COMES UP WITH
A DESPERATE PLAN...





THINKING ONLY OF THE PUPPIES' SAFETY, BEN REALLY GOES TO TOWN!





A WAVE of muddy water sprayed the kerb, as the evening bus from Stratford swung sharply into the roadside. Pepe, the young Spanish chef from the Crossroads Motel, stepped briskly on to the wet pavement. Its gleaming surface reflected his shadow beneath the bright street-lamp. He turned and held out his hand with mock gentlemanly grace, as the blustery wind tugged forcefully at his trouser-legs. Diane Lawton, a waitress from the same Motel, stepped down after him with an appreciative smile.

"Why, thank you, Sir Galahad. I don't know what I'd do without you!" she teased playfully.

"Bah! This English weather of yours is the end!" Pepe said breathlessly. The chill rain snatched at his words.

NIGHT ALARM

"The trouble with you is that you moan too much, Pepe. You're not always a ray of sunshine yourself!"

The bus pulled away behind them into the dull, evening shadows, the wind drowning any sound of its engine. Pepe secured a large brown-paper parcel under his arm and pulled up his raincoat collar.

"It's at least a mile to the Crossroads and we're late already. Why this linen not dry on time, eh?"

"I don't know, Pepe. But you'll be for the high-jump if you let it get wet again."

Muttering in vague acknowledgement, he leaned forward to face the biting wind. Suddenly, his companion pointed ahead to a clump of gloomy, swaying poplars.

"Come on, Pepe. We'll take the short-cut across the old Priory grounds. It'll be much quicker!"

Pepe hesitated, knowing it was private land, but, next moment, he grinned: "Then, maybe, I prepare dinner on time, sir?"

They crossed the road just before they heard the hiss of a car. Diane raised the catch on the decaying gate, which creaked ominously as it strained open. She looked towards the Priory ruins silhouetted

against the stormy sky-line, then turned mockingly away. "Cool! Bt creepy, isn't it? No wonder it's haunted!"

The wind whistled eerily through the tossing poplars as if in reply.

"Is not good to joke like that, Diane," Pepe said anxiously, "is not funny at all!"

The sodden ground squelched beneath their weight and a sudden gust of wind caused the rain to sting even harder. Diane momentarily snatched her breath, as they passed the towering ruins.

"Ee! Maybe the story is true!"

"What story?" Pepe shouted—battling the wind.

"Why the well, of course! See it over there? A ghost seen pulling up the water-bucket late at night," she went on, concealing a smile.

"Is this more of your nonsense?" Pepe started. His head turned sharply towards the Priory's ruined well. His footfall slowed but Diane strode ahead.

"A ghost! Another of her silly games, I think," he reassured himself. But only for a moment.

He froze, transfixed, as a white object fluttered strangely. There was something by the well! Pepe's

throat constricted. A white figure—some four feet tall—was approaching the well. It seemed like a small girl, with long hair blowing wildly about her.

"Hurry up, Pepe. This is meant to be a short-cut, you know!"

Diane's voice sounded strangely distant as it drifted towards him. He swallowed hard. Then, stirring his paralysed limbs into action, he hurried towards the fleeting figure. There was no doubt about it! It was a small child. Hardly had he moved, though, when his fumbling legs caused him to fall. He hit the ground heavily, throwing the parcel before him. His vision blurred and a throbbing pain seared his head. Everything spun round.

The first thing he became aware of was Diane tugging at his arm. "Pepe! Pepe! Are you all right?" Letting his head clear, he looked towards the well—but it was deserted! There was no one there. He pulled himself up, nursing a large bump.

"Oh, dear! You tripped on that log! And just look at those sheets—the wet wrapping must have torn!"

"B . . . But, Diane! By the well . . . a girl! I swear it!" Pepe stammered. But his

companion was not convinced.

"There's no need for you to joke—just because I did!" she laughed. But her expression changed when she gazed at the parcel. "Mrs. Richardson will be furious when she sees those muddy sheets! Come on, we'd better get a move on!"

They walked swiftly, but Pepe seemed preoccupied. Minutes later, they emerged in a clearing to see the warm lights of the Motel beaming towards them.

MEG RICHARDSON, widowed owner of the Crossroads Motel, looked sternly at Pepe as she fingered the stained linen.

He shifted uncomfortably beneath her gaze. "Is true, Mrs. Richardson. A girl by the well, I tell you. . . ."

"But I was only kidding when I mentioned the ghost!" Diane insisted.

Pepe looked round angrily. "Then maybe you tease me once too often, this time, eh?" Diane looked away sharply but Meg caught her arm.

"It was foolish to play like that, Diane. Obviously Pepe's fancy ran away with him."

It was Sandy Richardson, her son and reporter on the local newspaper, who interrupted: "With an imagination like yours, Pepe, you ought to be in my line of business."

Meg looked round. ". . . And that's enough from you, Sandy Richardson. We'll just forget it, shall we? And off to the kitchen with you, Pepe, or don't we deserve any dinner tonight?" Her voice softened to its normal tone.

PEPE'S mind was elsewhere as he stirred the large saucapan of steaming soup that shimmered on the cooker.

"No matter what any of them said, I did see the girl by the well!" he thought to himself. His eyes fell upon the rain-smear window and he caught his own reflection. "If only I could prove I'm right!"



A sudden noise startled him and Diane and Mary Massinet, the other Motel waitress, bustled in.

"Come on, daydreamer. You're not still thinking about that silly ghost-girl, are you? That ladle you're stirring with should be dishing up by now!"

Pepe looked annoyed.

"I think, maybe, that you do the stirring, no?" he snapped, as he passed her a bowl of the soup.

But Diane had not gripped it firmly when Pepe let it go. There was a stunning crash—and an orange-red stain spread over the girls' tunics.

"Alors! We can't serve like this!" Mary exclaimed.

Diane turned to Pepe. "Now look what you've done. You'll have to take it in yourself!"

Pepe hurried into the dining-room with another bowl of soup. He saw Mrs. Richardson too late. The swing-door bounced violently

back and the bowl upended on a near-by guest! It was a man Meg had booked in earlier.

"Pepe! Why don't you look where you're going?"

"I'm . . . s . . . sorry, Mrs. Richardson. But that girl—by the Priory—I still think . . ."

It was the well-dressed traveller who interrupted, inquisitively. Minutes later, Pepe found himself once again explaining what he had seen.

When he had finished, the middle-aged guest turned to Mrs. Richardson.

"Perhaps we ought to look into this. Why should a little girl be wandering by a deserted Priory? I'm a doctor, you see and someone may be hurt!" Meg nodded in agreement.

"Yes. That well is uncovered. It's very dangerous!"

IT was a few minutes later that a small but anxious party left the Motel forecourt in the direction of the Priory. The wind blew hard, and bodies

shuddered beneath heavy, winter coats. Sandy's "story-sense" made him blurt out, excitedly: "I wouldn't miss this for the world. Could be the scoop of the century."

A short walk across rain-soaked ground brought them to the derelict ruins. A quarter-moon shone down on a velvet curtain of earth. Rain beat down relentlessly and swaying poplars bowed their heads.

"Wow! I see what you mean about it being spooky," Sandy said.

But suddenly he, too, felt it was not the time for joking. Pepe hurried ahead, while the doctor followed more slowly, shielding Meg with a straining umbrella.

Pepe's voice broke above the wind. "It was just over here, where I saw her . . ."

Diane nodded to the others in agreement and gripped Sandy's arm a little tighter.

The wind-buffed figures hurried along the narrow, muddy path. Then they saw it—the ruined well, weirdly

luminous in the dull half-light. A cold shudder crept slowly up Meg's spine and she wrestled to dismiss unpleasant thoughts. She looked round to the doctor—but he was not with her!

"Doctor Greig! Doctor Greig!" her voice called in alarm. But only the wind answered her call. The others started.

"What's happened? Where is he, Mrs. Richardson?" Diane asked.

Gaunt faces looked at each other, when a sudden scream made their necks tingle.

Diane stifled a cry, then pointed.

"Look! Over there. Something white—floating!"

Staring in disbelief, they huddled tightly together, knuckles-gripped. But then Meg broke the silence. "It's Doctor Greig! And he's carrying a little girl!"

The doctor's lean form emerged from the darkness. It had been the girl's white dress which stood out in contrast.

"She'll be all right. Just concussion. Better call an ambulance—there's been an accident," he looked grimly at the others.

Meg stumbled forward over the knotted ground, Pepe close behind her. The ruins had concealed a car buckled against a leaning poplar. In the front seat was a man and woman—unconscious. "It must have skidded off the lane. No one would have seen it from the main road!" Meg shouted.

A brief inspection proved that the passengers were not badly hurt. Already, the driver stirred.

Some minutes later, the sharp ring of an ambulance bell echoed towards them and Meg sighed in relief.

Doctor Greig waved a hand to the driver and it sped away, its blue light flashing brightly. Then, smiling, he turned to Pepe.

"The girl you saw had obviously neared the well, dazed, before passing out. It was fortunate you saw her, my boy!"

But Pepe was not pleased: "Sil But that little girl, Doctor Greig, she was *not* the one I saw earlier!"

Meg coughed hesitantly.

"Come on. We'll talk about it back at the Motel!"

THEY were still talking in the warmth of the Motel lounge, when Sandy yawned heavily. "Well I don't know about you lot, but I've had enough mysteries for one day! I'm off to bed!"

Meg picked up her coat from the back of the chair. "I'll just lock up for the night."

Meg left the room and the tired ring of figures dispersed.

A cool draught blew in from the open door as she stepped into the late-night air.

Meanwhile, Pepe wandered thoughtfully to the kitchen.

"It is very strange. The girl in the car accident, she was dark, but the one I saw earlier had long, blonde hair."

Picking up some wrapped waste, he opened the back door. The dustbins were just across the yard.

But no sooner had he placed a foot in the open doorway when he froze, spell-bound. Every muscle in his body contracted and stiffened. A lump rose in his throat.

A small child—dressed in white—had momentarily appeared from round the nearest chalet. It was the eerie figure that had startled him by the Priory ruins! He licked his dry lips. "This time I find out who—or *what* she is—for sure!"

He urged himself forward but a surprised cry stopped him short.

It was Meg Richardson who had reached the girl first. She clasped her in firm, but gentle arms. "It's all right. No one's going to hurt you," she soothed. Then, turning to Pepe: "She ran straight into me just now. The poor

little thing's utterly exhausted. Must be lost."

Straggling blonde hair fell across the small girl's face, as she relaxed in Meg's arms. Tired eyes drooped.

"What a strange coincidence, Pepe. First the girl in the accident and now this one!" Meg exclaimed.

Pepe's face paled. "Sil But, Mrs. Richardson, she is the one I saw wandering by the well!"

"So you were right after all, Pepe!"

Meg took the child indoors and laid her down on the snug sofa, fast asleep. Astonished faces looked on.

But Sandy suddenly gripped his mother's arm. "Mum! She was in the paper yesterday. She's missing from the Castlewich Orphanage. Lost on a picnic or something!"

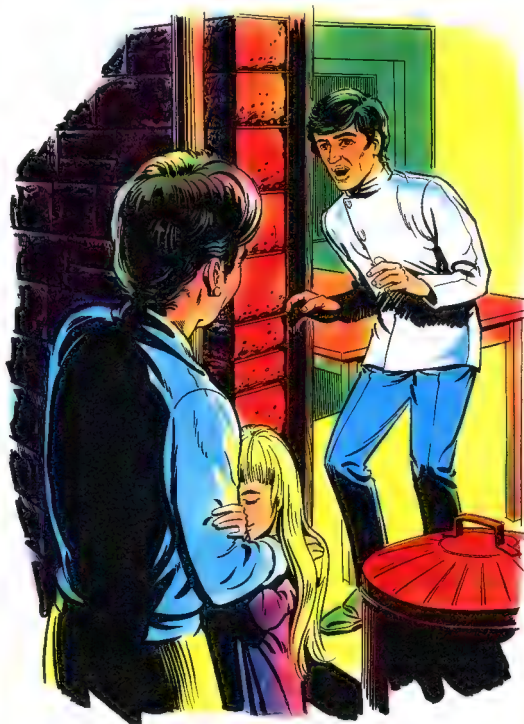
Meg rubbed her lips lightly with the tip of her forefinger.

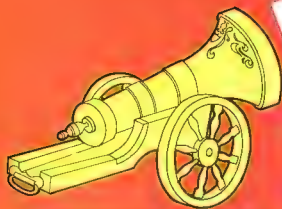
"Then she had probably seen the Motel lights, and wandered by the Priory! Well done, Pepe, you're quite a hero, aren't you?"

The others smiled warmly—praising and congratulating.

It was Diane who looked unhappy. "Oh, Pepe! I'll never tease you again!"

Pepe beamed a broad smile. Now he was satisfied.





PENNY'S 4 SHOT

BEATLES' DIARY



1963
September First recording session with George Martin at E.M.I.
October First single 'Love Me Do'—released.

1963
January Single: 'Please Please Me'—released. Beatle's first number 1.
February Victor and Norman Panama Shapira, married with Tommy Now and Celia Montes.
April Single: 'From Me to You' (No. 1). LP: 'Please Please Me'.
May June 'Please Please Me' and 'I Wanna Hold Your Hand'—reached No. 1.
October Tour of Sweden.
November Single: 'I Want to Hold Your Hand'—reached No. 1. LP: 'With the Beatles'.

1964
January Concerts in Paris with Trini Lopez.
February First tour of U.S.A.
March Started work on film—A Hard Day's Night. Single: 'Can't Buy Me Love'—reached No. 1.
May Television show for ITV—Around the Beatles.
June Tour of Denmark.
Tour of Hong Kong/Australia/New Zealand. Ringo caught tonsillitis and was replaced for concert in Hong Kong by Jimmy Nicol.
July Single: 'A Hard Day's Night'—reached No. 1.
August LP: 'A Hard Day's Night'.
August/September Swept tour of Canada and U.S.A.
October/November British tour with Mary Wells.
November Single: 'I Feel Fine'—reached No. 1. LP: 'Beatles For Sale'.



1965
February Ringo's wedding to Maureen Cox.
February/March Filming in Bahamas for film Help.
April Single: 'Ticket to Ride'—reached No. 1.
June Announced that Beatles had been awarded the M.B.E.
July European Tour—France/Italy/Spain. Single: 'Help!'—reached No. 1.
August LP: 'Help!'.
August/September U.S.A. Tour.
October Inauguration at Buckingham Palace—attended with M.B.E. by Her Majesty The Queen.

December Single: 'Day Tripper'—reached No. 1. LP: 'Rubber Soul'.
British Tour with the Moody Blues.
The Plastic of Lennon and McCartney for Granada TV.

1966
January George's wedding to Pattie Boyd.
June Single: 'Paperback Writer'—reached No. 1.
July (Concerts in Japan, Concerts in Manila, August LP: 'Revolver'. Single: 'Yellow Submarine'/'Eleanor Rigby'—reached No. 1.
August U.S.A. Tour.
September/October John Lennon's solo movie, 'How I Won the War' in Germany and Spain.



JOHN LENNON

John Winston Lennon was born on 9 October 1940 in Woolton, Liverpool. He has brown hair and eyes and is 5 feet 11 inches tall. He plays rhythm guitar, harmonica, piano and organ. He was married in 1962 and has a son—John Charles Julian. His hobbies include painting, sketching and writing. He has written two books—*In his own Write* and *A Spooner in the Works*. Likes reading other people's books and composing songs with Paul McCartney. Dislikes traditional jazz and 'thick heads'.

PAUL MCCARTNEY

James Paul McCartney was born on 18 June 1942, in Allerton, Liverpool. He has dark brown hair and brown eyes and is also 5 feet 11 inches tall. He plays bass guitar, piano, banjo and trumpet. He is left-handed. Paul likes holidaying abroad, fast expensive cars, television, steak and chips, and girls with long hair. With John Lennon he makes up a tremendous song-writing team. Dislikes shaving and dishonesty.

GEORGE HARRISON

Aged 25, George was born on 25 February 1943 in Speke, Liverpool. He has brown hair and eyes and stands 5 feet 11 inches tall. George is The Beatles' lead guitarist but also plays piano and sitar. He was married in 1966 and lives in Surrey. His hobbies include cars and watching TV. He likes Hitchcock movies and Eterna Kitt and daffodil haircuts. George has emerged as a brilliant song-writer and most of his songs are influenced by Indian music and the sitar.



RINGO STARR

Born Richard Starkey in Dingle, Liverpool, on 7 July 1940, Ringo Starr is the newest member of The Beatles, having joined them in 1962. He has brown hair and blue eyes and is 5 feet 8 inches tall. In 1965 he married Maureen Cox and has two sons—Jason and Zac. Ringo plays drums and organ and is featured as 'the singer on all the Beatles' LPs. Likes fast cars, 'anyone who likes me', and Mary Wells. He dislikes motor-bikes and onions. Ringo has made his solo movie debut in the film *Coody*.

1967

February Single: 'Penny Lane'/'Strawberry Fields For Ever'.
May LP: 'Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band'.
June International TV programme 'Our World'. Single, 'All You Need Is Love'—reached No. 1.



August Visit to Bangor for transcendental meditation course with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.
 Death of manager Brian Epstein.
 September/October Trip to the West Country for filming of *Magical Mystery Tour*.
 November Single: "Hello Goodbye"—reached No. 1.
 December EP: "Magical Mystery Tour".
Magical Mystery Tour film shown on BBC 1.

1968

1968 sees the Beatles again on top of the world in pop music. It is just five years now since they crashed on to the scene with "Love Me Do". Today and every day they are conquering new heights. With a string of fabulous hit records shattering all sales records and another tremendous LP release already this year, there is nothing to stop The Beatles.

In those five short years they have become stars of stage, screen and records. At the present moment a cartoon film with animated Beatles—*Yellow Submarine*—is breaking all box office records, and the music of Lennon and McCartney and indeed George Harrison is on everybody's lips.

What will happen in the future? No one can answer that question, but in another five years the Beatles, if they haven't split up, will be there, sitting on top of the world from their lofty perch. For groups may come and go, but The Beatles will go on for ever, and ever and ever...



A QUIET EVENING AT THE
CREIGHTON-WARD MANSION.
BUT SUDDENLY...

ALL RIGHT!
OLD ON - I'M
COMING!

THAT'S STRANGE,
PARKER. I WASN'T
EXPECTING ANYONE!

CORR -
STONE
ME!

DUEL IN THE JUNGLE

UNPREPARED, LADY PENELOPE
GRABS THE NEAREST AVAILABLE
WEAPON...

WHOA, NOW!
BOY... OH, DEAR...
HOW ON EARTH DOES
ONE ADDRESS A
GORILLA?

OLD ON,
MY LADY... IF
I CAN GET THIS
THING DOWN...

DON'T WORRY,
PARKER... BRUTUS
IS AS GENTLE AS A
KITTY! EVENING,
PENELOPE, MY
DEAR!

UNCLE
SIMON!

LORD
'EATHOMLE!

SORRY TO STARTLE
YOU, PENNY. I BROUGHT
BRUTUS BACK FROM MY
LAST SAFARI FOR THE
LONDON ZOO... AND I'VE
GOT AN INTERESTING
STORY FOR YOU...

HOW SPLENDID!
DO COME INTO THE
SITTING ROOM...
PARKER WILL SEE
TO BRUTUS...

IF I
DON'T SEE
TO ME
FIRST!

UNCLE SIMON HAS A
STRANGE STORY TO TELL...

COFFEE, MY LADY...
AND REFRESHMENT
FOR 'IS LORDSHIP!

NOTHING DEFINITE,
OF COURSE... BUT SO
MANY REPORTS FROM
NATIVE HUNTERS CAN'T
ALL BE PUT DOWN
TO IMAGINATION...

"HUNTING LEOPARDS IN THE JUNGLE
INTERIOR OF KAMBANIA, THE
NEWEST REPUBLIC IN WEST AFRICA,
PARTIES HAVE RETURNED IN PANIC
TO THEIR SETTLEMENTS..."



"... WITH WILD
TALES OF BEING
DRIVEN OFF BY
GIANT SERPENTS!
ALL THE REPORTS
STEM FROM THE
PANANGA VALLEY
AREA... GO THAT'S
WHERE WE'RE
GOING..."



WELL? IF YOU MEAN
THAT YOU THINK
I'M...

I THOUGHT
IT MIGHT MAKE
A GOOD STORY FOR
YOU, OF COURSE...
IF YOU HAPPEN TO
BE AFRAID...

THAT'S DONE
IT! NOTHING'LL
STOP 'ER LADSHIP
GOING NOW!

PARKER IS RIGHT! SIX DAYS LATER...

THAT'S MANDONGO,
THE CAPITAL, BEYOND
THE PALMS. WE'LL
ARRANGE OUR SAFARI
THERE!



LATER...

RIGHT WE'RE
READY TO START!

I DIDN'T RECKON
ON HAVING TO
WALK IT!

THERE'S TWO HUNDRED
MILES OF JUNGLE BETWEEN
US AND THE PANANGA VALLEY,
PARKER, IT CAN ONLY BE
PENETRATED ON FOOT.
HELICOPTERS OR PLANES MIGHT
SCARE OFF THE CREATURES
WE'RE AFTER!



THE SAFARI SETS OFF...

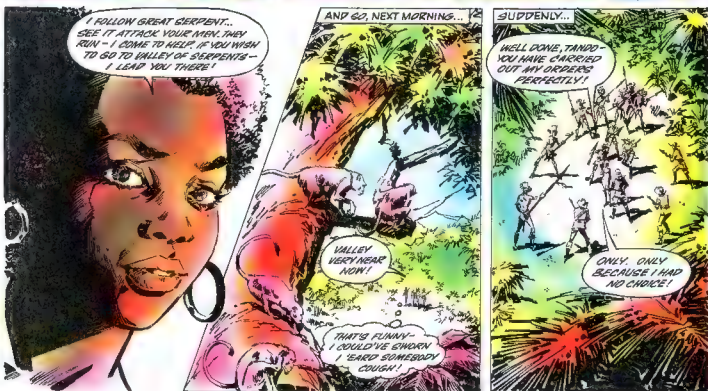
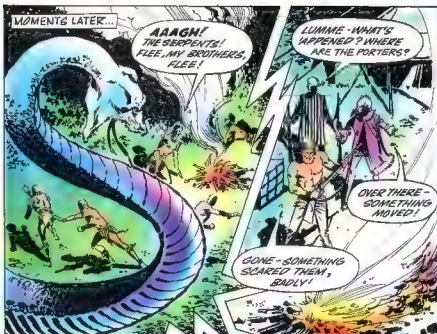
JUNGLE-UGH!
I'LL TAKE RESERVE
PARK ANY DAY!



ONE WEEK LATER...

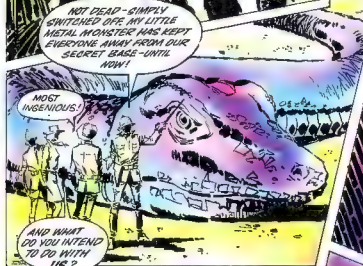
WE'RE ONLY
A FEW MILES
FROM THE VALLEY.
TOMORROW
MORNING...

... WE'LL SEE
JUST HOW BIG
THOSE SERPENTS
ARE!





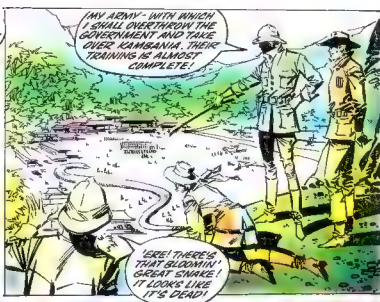
SO - IT SEEMS YOU WERE NOT SO EASILY SCARED AS THE NATIVE HUNTERS. YOU SHALL SEE MY VALLEY - BUT YOU WILL NEVER REVEAL ITS SECRETS!



NOT DEAD - SIMPLY SWITCHED OFF. MY LITTLE METAL MONSTER HAS KEPT EVERYONE AWAY FROM OUR SECRET BASE - UNTIL NOW!

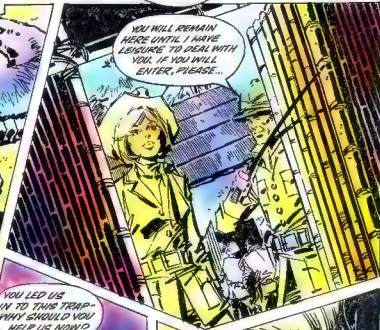
MOST INGENUOUS!

AND WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH US?

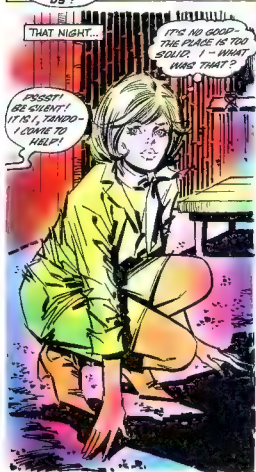


MY ARMY - WITH WHICH I SHALL OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT AND TAKE OVER KAMBANIA. THEIR TRAINING IS ALMOST COMPLETE!

HERE! THERE'S THAT BLOODY GREAT SNAKE! IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S DEAD!



YOU WILL REMAIN HERE UNTIL I HAVE LEISURE TO DEAL WITH YOU. IF YOU WILL ENTER, PLEASE...



THAT NIGHT...

POSSIBLY BE QUIET! IT IS I, TANDU - I COME TO HELP!

IT'S NO GOOD - THE PLACE IS TOO SOUND. I - WHAT WAS THAT?



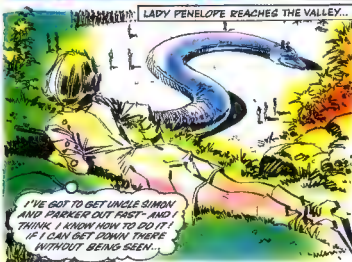
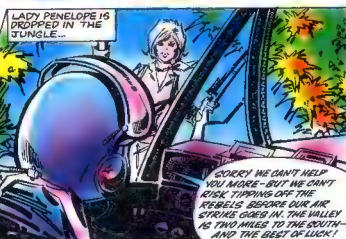
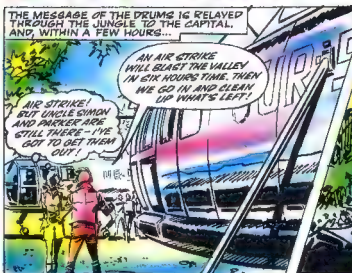
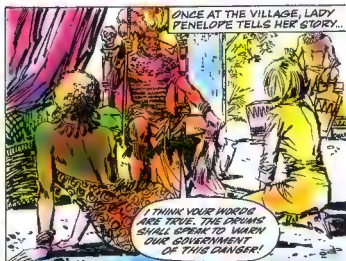
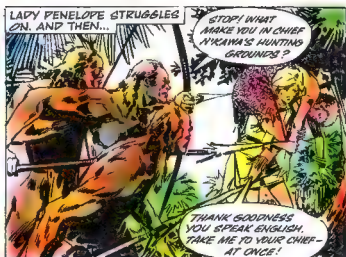
YOU LED US IN TO THIS TRAP - WHY SHOULD YOU HELP US NOW?

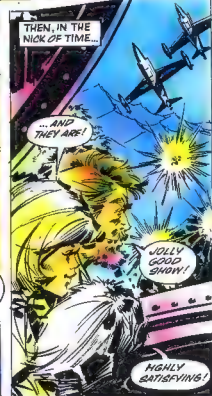
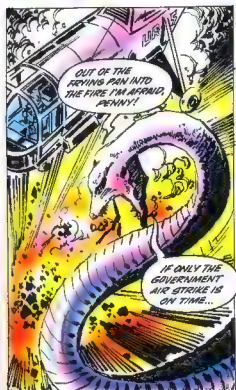
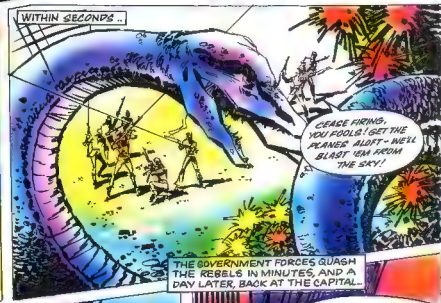
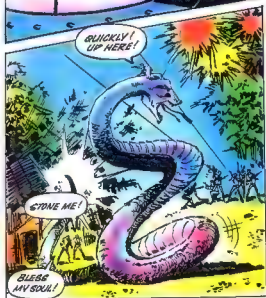
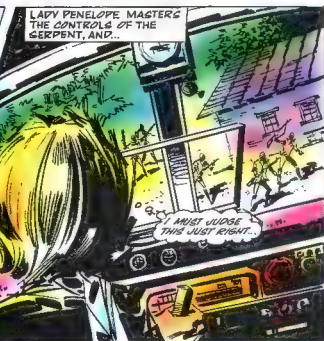
THEY THREATENED MY FATHER, SO NOW... NOW HE IS DEAD! THEIR POWER OVER ME IS ENDED. I MANAGED TO STEAL THIS KEY!



WE MUST WARN THE GOVERNMENT. THE REBELS MUST BE STOPPED QUICKLY!

I WISH I COULD RESCUE PARKER AND UNGLE SIMON... BUT THERE'S NO TIME IF WE'RE TO GET AWAY WITHOUT BEING SEEN!







Dare-devil speed on the circuit—the essence of a good racing-driver

Janet Rice... RACING DRIVER

At the Racing Drivers' School at the Brands Hatch circuit they call 22-year-old Janet Rice: "The hairiest racing driver we have here".

"Hairiest" in motor racing language means dare-devilry—and "hairiest of all" is the reputation Janet has won for herself in just eighteen months of racing on the circuit.

Everyone at the Brands Hatch circuit was slightly amused when Janet, a secretary who comes from Margate, but who now lives in Orpington, Kent, so as to be near to Brands Hatch, turned up at the track for the first time and calmly announced that she wanted to be a racing driver.

"Fortunately I wasn't the first woman racing motorist," says Janet. "There have been a couple of others before me, and remembering this, they gave me a test."

After a few laps in sports cars, Janet was taken across to the Motor Racing Stables, the racing drivers' school, where she slid into one of the school's sleek, yellow, single-seater racing cars. A puff of smoke—and she was snaking alone around the perilous bends which command the respect of an ace like Graham Hill.

A few more laps and the verdict of Motor Racing Stable's "headmaster" Geoff Clark, who sees hundreds of male pupils every week, was: "Janet is brilliant. She is a natural racing driver."

Six months later Janet was entered in her first race on the circuit. She led for five laps, then finished unplaced.

In her next race it was pouring with rain. She was placed second when she drove into the circuit's treacherous Paddock Bend. "I noticed that the leader was braking a little too early—and I left my braking a little too late," she says. "It was rather a bad smash and did an awful lot of damage to the car I was driving."

"A piece of sharp metal from the car missed me by a hairbreadth, but I was all right. It was all through my own stupidity and they made me pay fifty pounds towards the damage to the car, which serves me right."

Since then, however, Janet has settled down as a track driver. She admits that only men have the strength to be Grand Prix racers, but her ambition is to be a star among club racing drivers. "And she will make it," they say at Brands. "She has guts and dedication, and she can drive superbly."

Inevitably, Janet's boyfriend is also a racing driver—21-year-old Gerry Corbett whom she met at Brands. "And he is a better driver than I am," she adds determinedly.

Janet's advice to any girl who wants to follow in the wake of her exhaust smoke, is to come to terms first with the problem of being a woman in this most masculine of worlds.

"On the circuit you have to forget you are a woman," she says. "This could lead you to forgetting it off the circuit, too, and that would be very wrong. I try to accentuate my femininity off the circuit to make up for being part of the man's world of motor racing."

If you want to be a motor racing driver, the leading school in Britain, where this expensive sport is made as inexpensive as possible, is Motor Racing Stables at Brands Hatch, near Farnham, Kent. You don't need a driving licence to drive on a racing circuit.

STARTING WITH ADVENTURE,
ENDING IN SUCCESS, THIS IS



Jean Lincoln. Pop Star manager at the age of 21



Janice Musson... B.E.A. AIR HOSTESS

The youngest-ever headmistress of Britain's most glamorous school—that's pretty Janice Musson, Senior Stewardess at British European Airways' Training Centre for air hostesses at London Airport.

Janice's job is to train several hundred new air stewards and stewardesses every year for B.E.A. airliners, chosen from 7,000 applicants the airline receives each year.

The girls chosen to join Janice's school, where training lasts five weeks, have been specially selected from the applicants, which is why there are very few failures. They spend three weeks doing theory work, one week flying under close supervision and the last week on examinations.

Janice, who comes from Peterborough, but now lives at Feltham, near London Airport, has been a B.E.A. stewardess for four years.

She spent the first year flying and then joined the training school, becoming responsible for the efficiency of the air girls who serve on Europe's biggest airline.

After taking her 'A' Levels at school, Janice did a two-year

THE FORMULA FOR GIRLS WHO
HAVE TAKEN . . .



Jean Lincoln... POP STAR MANAGER

The big break that leads to success can come at any time in any place. For Jean Lincoln it came at a party.

If Shirley Bassey had not been a guest at the party, Jean might still have been a secretary in a printing company.

But Jean and Shirley started talking and Shirley told Jean about the trouble she was having with her fan mail. When the party was over, Jean had arranged to become Shirley's temporary secretary—until all the letters were cleared.

She stayed on, though, and for two years ran Shirley's office. Then one day a friend told her about "this fabulous singer named Kenny Lynch". No one had heard of Kenny then and Jean agreed to fix him up with a recording contract.

So at the age of 21, the girl from Bethnal Green who had worked in a printing office, in shipping, in toys and furniture, became manager to a star.

"It's a terribly emotional job," says Jean. "A manager shares all the ups and downs of the stars. The day Kenny had his first record in the charts, for instance, the world was my oyster."

"There are bad moments as well as good ones. When Kenny wrote a song for a song festival, it was voted the best. Then televisioners rang up the studio saying that the judges had made a mistake. For the twenty-four hours while re-counting went on, was in the dumps."

"It turned out that Kenny had won, but after all the controversy no one was very interested in his song and I thought that it didn't get the success it deserved."

Jan finds that managing one star is a full-time job. "I have just taken on a new singer," she says. "But I always try to look for someone with long-term potential rather than someone who will make one hit record and never be heard of again."

Her advice to any girl who wants to manage a star is to get basic knowledge of the world behind her first—preferably secretarial experience.

"As a secretary you learn how to run a business," she says. "You can always make use of your basic skills. My greatest assets in getting into this business were being able to type and write shorthand."

course on hotel catering and management. "But it was always my ambition to join an airline," she says.

After training at the B.E.A. school, the girls graduate as third class stewardesses and begin flying. At the end of three months they become second class stewardesses—if their work has been satisfactory.

"Thereafter promotion depends upon the individual," says Janice. "After a few years flying, the girls come back for refresher and promotion courses."

"What is such fun about my job is the tremendous keenness and enthusiasm of the girls who want to get into the air. This enthusiasm rubs off on me and always makes the job great fun."

They still have a chuckle in the flying school about the passenger who, wanting to get a better view from the aircraft of someone who had come to see him off, calmly struggled to open the emergency window while the aircraft was about to take off, until restrained by the alarmed air hostess.

Like a good headmistress, Janice takes such crises in her stride. "I love my job," she says. "The only thing I would give it up for is marriage." Although B.E.A. allow married stewardesses to carry on working, headmistress Janice has her own views about that. "I don't think marriage and flying mix," she says definitely.

Janice Musson, Senior
Stewardess for B.E.A.



Doreen Wells... BALLERINA

At 24, Doreen Wells, of the Royal Ballet Company, fulfilled the dream of every girl who has been to a ballet class, when she was selected to dance with Rudolph Nureyev in place of Dame Margot Fonteyn. This happened during a new ballet in Italy when the prima ballerina had to rush back to Britain to be with her seriously ill husband.

That greatest performance of her life was three years ago, and now Doreen is strongly tipped in the ballet world as the natural successor to Dame Margot when she hangs up her ballet shoes—the most famous dancing shoes in the world.

The career of Doreen, a blonde ballerina from Walthamstow, London, reads like an enchanting fairy tale. The youngest of five children of a cabinetmaker, money was short to send her to the tap-dancing lessons she yearned for as a child.

From tap-dancing Doreen wanted to study ballet—and her

Doreen Wells—selected to dance with Rudolph Nureyev



only came true when her four brothers started work. All four of them then contributed part of their wages to pay for Doreen to go to ballet school.

It cost them 600 pounds in three years. But it was money they were proud to spend, for Doreen won a scholarship to Sadlers Wells. From there she won the Genere Gold Medal the highest award in the ballet world—at the age of only 15! Soon Doreen was dancing all over the world. In Africa, the natives who saw her called her: "The White Goddess with the Magic Legs."

Then came the great breakthrough in her triumphant career—she was chosen to understudy Dame Margot Fonteyn.

"It was just stunning," says Doreen. "Margot was making up ready for rehearsals that morning when she was called away. It happened so suddenly I didn't have time to think."

Later, when she danced Princess Aurora in the *Sleeping Beauty* at Covent Garden, a critic wrote: "... with sparkling poise she swept easily through the difficult bravura dances, giving them a radiantly undrained charm. In fact, the only problems were—why did the Covent Garden audiences have to wait so long to see this performance, and when will they get another chance?"

"People think that a ballerina's life is glamorous, but it is not. You have to be tough. It is competitive and at times even depressing. It is not a career one can expect to glide through."

Then the cool, beautiful flower-like Doreen adds: "I am happy whenever I am dancing well. And I owe my career to my family. Without them it would have been impossible."

If you want to be a ballet dancer, the earlier you start the better. Toughness, determination and dedication to long, hard hours of training, plus dancing ability, are the main requirements. Competition is terrific—today there are half a million girls in Britain taking ballet lessons, and only a handful of them will ever dance on the world's great stages.

Lynda Josephine Day... POPSINGER

Many years ago the pop singers of the day were wandering minstrels who went from place to place singing for their supper at the mansions of landowners and noblemen.

That's not most people's idea of a present-day pop singer. But 20-year-old Lynda Josephine Day, otherwise known as "Pi" of the duo, Symon and Pi, has proved that one way for a pop singer to climb to success is to become a wandering minstrel first.

Leaving Purley (Surrey) Grammar School at 15, Pi set out to wander the country, singing and filling in her time between songs by working as a petrol pump attendant, waitress and private secretary.

Then, one day at a motorway services café, she met 20-year-old guitar-playing singer Robert George Simons, otherwise known as Symon. They decided to team up.

"We hitched our way around Britain singing in pubs or anywhere that people wanted to be entertained," says Pi. "At the end people usually put some money in a hat for us."

"We also took sleeping bags with us and at night we slept rough, camping, or found friends in some new town we were visiting and spent the night with them."

"Money didn't always come easily, and I learned what it was like to go hungry. But rather than die of starvation, we worked in such places as a pea-packing factory, as orderlies in a mental hospital, and in an establishment where it was our job to put bacon into polythene bags. Once I got locked in the dressing room by a joker on the staff."

Then Symon and Pi decided that they were good enough to go professional, and found themselves a manager in Terry McGrath. And this year they made their first disc.

"They are basically folk singers, but now they must be commercial," says Terry.

Pi has no regrets about her unusual introduction into show business. She still likes camping and hitch-hiking when time allows. "It was all great experience," she says wistfully. "I think I really found out what life is about."

"Now I'd like to see a bit more of the world, though. And I'd also like to do some acting."



The wandering minstrels—Symon and Pi



Connie Tilton... STUNT GIRL

When Connie Tilton stepped out of her cradle, she started doing somersaults, or so it must have seemed to her, who, after 20 years as a stunt girl in show business, goes over her record in the same way as you might talk about a routine day at school.

"Let me see," says Connie. "I've fallen off 16 London bridges, done nine 80-foot falls in one film alone, fallen down more than 600 staircases, jumped into water from 100 feet, fallen between two boats from 80 feet, and lost count of the number of burning houses I've jumped from, flames I've leapt through, plate-glass windows I've smashed through, motor cycles and cars I've crashed."

And amazing though it seems, in her incredible career Connie has never suffered so much as a scratch.

Connie, now recognised as Britain's top stunt girl, is called in by film-makers whenever they want a daring deed which is too risky for a star to perform.

Her mother was the first to spot her acrobatic ability. "She saw that as a baby I was always doing tricks and somersaults," says Connie. "My father was a swimming instructor and under his tuition I was a Cheshire swimming champion at 10."

"At 12 I became a professional contortionist and tumbler and went on the stage at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London. I was had to go to school, and if there was a matinee I had to do my lessons backstage."

"Then a film scout asked me if I was willing to be thrown across a bar in a film fight, smashing all the bottles as I hurtled through the air. I agreed. By the time I had agreed to jump from 40 feet into five feet of water for another film, I was pretty well established as a stunt girl."

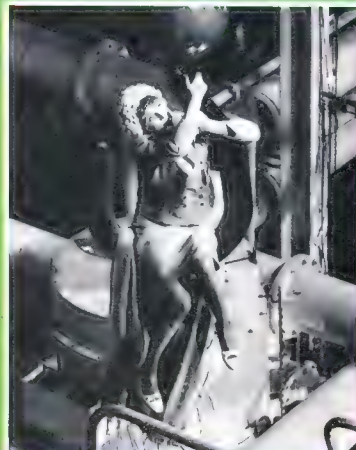
Connie says that although every stunt she does is a calculated risk with its obvious perils, she enjoys the work and has never known fear.

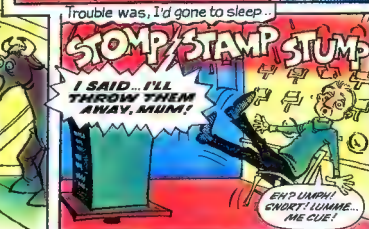
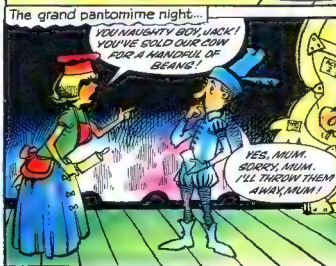
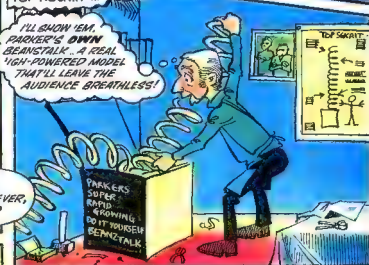
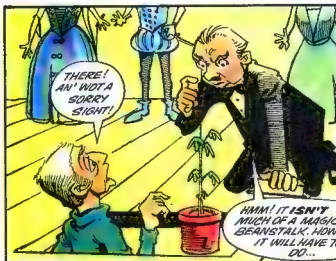
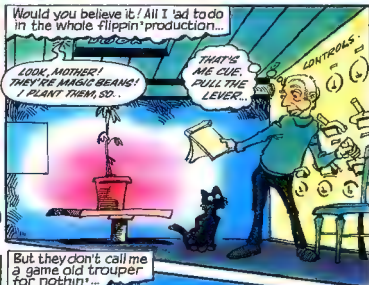
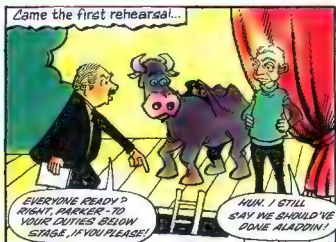
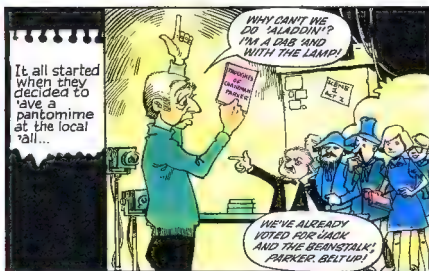
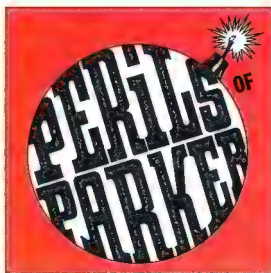
"This is because I very carefully weigh up every stunt before I do it," she says. "I tell the cameraman exactly where I am going to fall and I am never wrong. If there is a rig, I work on it myself, or give exact directions about the way I want it assembled. I calculate wind speeds and direction and leave nothing to chance."

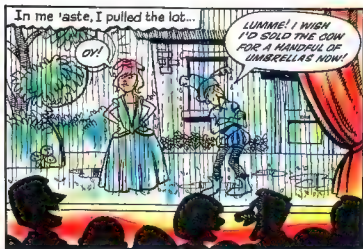
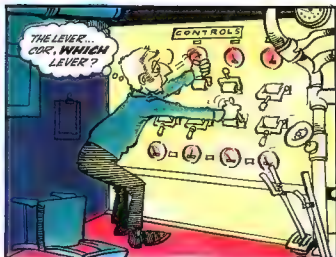
"After that it's only a question of keeping your head. The only thing that can go wrong is that one of the props might fail."

If you want to be a stunt girl, it's financially precarious. "Whether or not you are in work depends upon the kind of films which are in fashion," says Connie. "But after 20 years, you get used to it. For me now it's just like any other job."

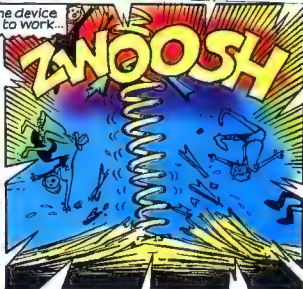
Top left: The star of this scene will be taking the credits— not the stunt girl below. Swinging through the air with ease



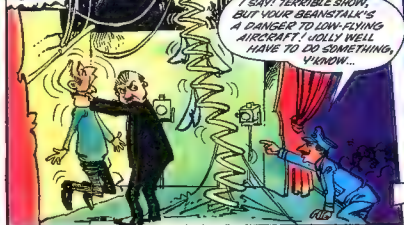




Finally, me device decided to work...



Funny thing, one of the audience seemed to agree...





GOES THE ALPHABET

Everything is going 'pop' at the moment in the crazy, swinging world of the '60's. Now Parker has devised a fabulous alphabet of his favourite pop stars. It tells you all you want to know about your favourites.

AMEN CORNER

Seven young Welshmen make up the Amen Corner and his like "Gin House" and "Bend Me Shape Me" have established them on the pop scene. Line-up: Andy Fairweather-Low (lead singer), born 2-3-1950, Wales. Derek John Weaver "Blue" (organ), born 11-2-49, Cardiff. Dennis Byron (drums), born 14-5-49, Cardiff. Neil Jones (guitar), born 25-3-49, Llanbradach. Clive Taylor (bass), born 27-4-49, Cardiff. Alan Jones (baritone tenor), born 6-2-48, Swansea. Joseph Smith "Bobby" (sax), born 4-11-47, Chesterfield.



BEACH BOYS

Originators of the surf sound, but far more than that, the Beach Boys were hit the big time over in Britain. Then they released "Good Vibrations" and became the first British-style pop band to establish itself as a truly international group.

It all happened in September 1967, when three brothers, sons of the famous songwriter Murray Wilson, formed the group with their cousin Mike Love and David Marks.

Al Jardine then joined the group, taking over from David Marks and in 1968 Bruce Johnston replaced Brian Wilson.

Line-up: Brian Wilson (record vocals), born California, 20-8-42. Bruce Johnston (bass guitar), born Chicago, 27-6-44. Dennis Wilson (drums), born California, 4-12-44. Mike Love (vocals), born Angeles, 15-3-41. Carl Wilson (guitar), born California, 21-12-46. Al Jardine (guitar), born Ohio, 3-9-42.



DAVE CLARK FIVE

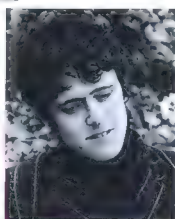
Line-up: Dave Clark (drums), born 15-12-42, in Tottenham. Rick Huxley (bass), born 8-8-42, in Dartford. Dennis Payton (saxophone), born 11-8-41, in London. Lenny Davidson (guitar), born 30-6-44, in London. Mike Smith (organ), born 6-12-43, in Edmonston.



DONOVAN

Born under the name of Donovan Phillip Leitch in Glasgow, on 10-5-46, Donovan suffered a severe setback at the age of three when he was crippled with polio. However, Don made a fighting recovery and at the age of 16 decided to leave home and go on his own road.

Don was joined by Dave, who was also a singer. The two went on to become a real success story. Donovan's music was a mix of folk, pop, and rock, and he was one of the first to use the electric guitar in a pop band.



ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK

Engelbert Humperdinck was born in 1928 in Germany. He moved to England in 1950 and became a successful singer and composer. He is known for his hit "Release Me" and "The Angel of the Morning".



GEORGIE FAME

Clive Powell is the real name of Georgie Fame who was born in Lough, Lancs., on 24 June 1943. He started his pop career in a local group called the Dominoes at the age of 13. Leaving school, Georgie went to work in the local cotton mill. But during his spare time he still kept playing with his group. During his holiday camps, Georgie played with another group called the Blue Flames. And later he gave up working at the mill to become a full-time musician. Joining a group called The Blue Flames, Georgie, playing the organ, used to back Billy Fury. But in the latter half of 1966 he went solo.

GRAPEFRUIT

Christened by John Lennon and backed by the Beatles publishing and recording company "Apple", 1968 saw the debut of a new group - Grapefruit. Four fresh young men with a unique sound, they released their first single "I'm a Man" in 1968. The group was made up of four young men from Tottenham, London.



THE JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE

Three men, Jimi, Mitch and Noel, loved by the Flower Children and all those of the Love Generation, have rocked the charts with hits like "Hey Joe", "Purple Haze" and "The Wind Cried Mary". Watching this group in action is an experience - a Jimi Hendrix Experience - hence the name. With Jimi's guitar style and singing, listening and watching is really believing that this style is something else! Line-up: Jimi Hendrix (lead guitar), Noel Redding (bass), Mitch Mitchell (drums).





FRANK SINATRA
The Italian singer who made the 1940s in Britain with a number of hits. "I Remember You" was a fact, born in Corvino, England, Frank, 31 years in Sydney. He was a star in the country of his birth. "Love-sick Blues", "I'm Confessin'" all made the number 1 spot in Britain. Six feet tall with fair hair and green eyes, this popular Australian is rapidly becoming an all-round entertainment star.



THE KINGS
The Kings, and their ballads of originality. The Kings, who off as a male trio, managing to make a record of "Long Tall Sally" about 1960. It Ray Davies, who wrote the songs for the group. The Kings, "You Really Got Me" was the first of the Kings' records. The Kings' first record, "You Really Got Me", was then it was hit after hit. Line-up: Ray Davies (rhythm guitar), born in London, 21-6-44. Dave Davies (lead guitar), born 29-47. Nick Avory (drums), born Hampton Court, 15-2-44. Peter Qunife (bass), born Devon, 31-12-43.



LULU
Born in Lennox Castle in Scotland on 3 November 1948, Miss Marie McDonald McLaughlin Lawrie has risen to fame, starting with her very first record "Shout!" and calling herself simply "Lulu". After "Shout!" her records rolled into the charts bringing this 5 feet 3 inches tall girl success after success. She's had her own television show, appeared on The Monkees' Empire Pool ball and made a film, "To Sir With Love". A red-haired Scots-girl who is always bouncing with life.

TOM JONES
Born to sing - that's what they say about the Welsh. But it's true in the case of Tom Jones, born in Pontypridd, South Wales, as Thomas Woodward Jones on 7 June 1940. Following his first smash-hit, "It's Not Unusual", Tom was able to move his wife Linda and his son to England where he has stayed ever since. Tom's story is one of true showmanship. After the first hit came others - rocketing into the hit-parade - "Green Green Grass of Home" and "Delilah". Today, this Welshman is a big star on both sides of the Atlantic.



MONKEES
The Monkees began with an advertisement in an American entertainment paper, the "Daily Variety" - "Madness" - wanted. "A quartet of hip, insane folk-orientated rock 'n' rollers, seventeen to twenty-one, with courage to work". The four Monkees, only met each other two days before they started filming their popular television series. Their first single released in Britain was "Last Train to Clarksville". But then came "I'm a Believer", their first number 1 hit, since then they have firmly established themselves. Line-up: Davy Jones, born 20-12-48 in Manchester. Micky Dolenz, born 8-3-45 in Los Angeles. Mike Nesmith, born 30-12-42 in Dallas. Peter Tork, born 13-2-42.



NEW ALDEMI
Line-up: Hank Harrison, born 6-5-43, plays drums and spoons and keyboard. Rick James - Richard Harrison, born 1-1-47, born 1-12-47, plays guitar, bass and guitar. George Watts, born 25-7-41, plays trombone. Real name Hugh Watts. Chris Eddy, born 4-3-45, plays bass guitar, tuba, bango. Stan Haywood, born 23-8-47, plays anything! Tristram, seventh Earl of Cricklewood, born 29-6-42, sings and writes songs. Real name Alan Klein. Pops, born 2-2-44, plays various trumpets. Real name Bob Kerr.

GENE PITNEY
Born in Connecticut in February 1941, Gene Pitney was a former song-writer by profession. But numbers like "Twenty Four Hours from Tulsa", "Backstage", and "Something's Gotten Hold of My Heart", have made him an international star. He's a firm favourite over here.



ESTHER AND ABI OFARIM
From Israel come Britain's newest immigrants. Esther and Abi Ofarim. Born in Israel this duo have topped the charts all over the world. Husband-and-wife team, Abi, a schoolteacher, first met Esther when he was teaching in her school. That was over eight years ago. Since then, they have embarked on a career that has taken them to the top of the charts with their hit "I've Got a Feeling".



PARTIAL MA
Line-up: Mike D, born 1-3-44, in Northampton. Manfred Mann (organ/piano), born in South Africa 23-10-40. Tom McGuinness (lead guitar), born 2-12-41 in Wimbledon. Mike Hugg (drums), born 11-8-40 in Portsmouth. Klaus Voorman (bass), born 29-4-43 in Berlin.





CLIFF RICHARD
British, answers to David Prester. That's what Cliff Richard was called at when he started his career in 1955. Since then he has developed a style of his own.
Born in Lucan, India, in 1941, Cliff has topped the charts all over the world except in U.S.A. And is in a class of his own. Cliff's singing and acting is his passport to fame. His first record to top the charts was "Living Doll" and since then Cliff has developed into an all-round entertainer.



THE SUPREMES

THE TREMELOES

Formerly Brian Poole's backing group, the Tremelos have now made it on their own, smashing the charts with numbers like "Silence is Golden" and "Suddenly You Love Me".
Line-up: Chip Hawkes (bass), born 2-11-46, Shepherds Bush, Rick West (guitar), born 7-5-42, Dagenham. Alan Blakley (guitar), born 1-4-42, Dave Munden (drums), born 2-12-43.



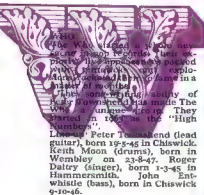
UNDERWORLD DOWN UNDER—AUSTRALIA BEE GEES

The Bee Gees came back to Britain in February 1967 after emigrating with their parents in 1958. The original Bee Gees, three brothers, Robin, Barry and Maurice, were born in the Isle of Man. Barry on 20-47, Maurice on 22-49, and Robin on 22-49.
Line-up: Barry (bass, vocals), Robin (bass, organ), and Maurice (bass, organ). Colin Patterson (drums), born Queensland, 22-48. Vince Millington (lead singer), born Sydney, 1-4-46.



VANILLA FUDGE

Line-up: Carmine Appice (drums), born 12-12-46. Tim Bogert (bass), born in Manhattan in August 1954. Vince Martell (guitar), born 11-11-45. Mark Stein (organ), born March 1947.



THE WHO
The Who started a whole new scene in rock records. Their second album, "My Generation", exploded into popularity and fame in a matter of weeks.
Line-up: Peter Dinklage (lead guitar), born 10-5-45 in Chiswick. Keith Moon (drums), born in Wombly on 23-8-47. Roger Daltrey (singer), born 1-3-45 in Hammersmith. John Entwistle (bass), born in Chiswick 9-10-46.



XANADU (Parker stop cheating). "Well there ain't a group beginnin' wiv X."
The "Legend of Xanadu" by Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich - what a mouthful! They started off residing at the various holiday camps under the name of Dave Dee and the Beestons. Then they changed their name and haven't looked back since.
Line-up: Dave Dee (Dave Harman), lead singer, born Salisbury 17-12-43. Dozy (Trevor Davis), bass, born 27-12-44. Beaky (John Dymond), rhythm, born Salisbury 10-7-44. Mick (Michael Wilton), drums, born 4-1-43. Aneurbury, Tich (Ian Aneurby), lead guitar, born Salisbury, 15-5-44.



YOUNG RASCALS
The song "Movin' really brought the Young Rascals their first hit in Britain. For years they had been firmly rooted in the American charts but they were a long time in Britain.
The Young Rascals - four boys from the States - rely on that lazy styled approach to success. It's the right formula for success! They were formed in 1965 in New York out of the amalgamation of several other small groups. They found a format and styled themselves around it making records on that basic theme.
They have now re-named themselves just plain - Rascals.



THE ZEDRINABUCKTOWN SINGERS (This is the group Parker's just formed.)
The Zedrinabucktown were formed in 1967. Parker plays lead guitar. Come Lil plays bass guitar and garden. Perce plays drums, enough said!

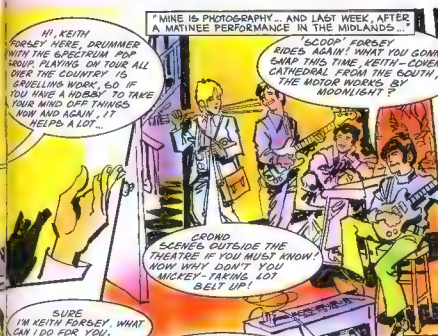


Dave Dee, Dozy,
Beaky, Mike and Titch





"I TURNED AND FOUND MYSELF LOOKING INTO THE EYES OF A GUMMER GUY."



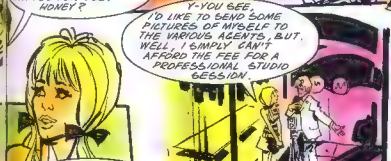
"HI, KEITH. SORRY HERE, DRUMMER WITH THE SPECTRUM POP GROUP PLAYING ON TOUR ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. IS BRUELLING WORK, SO IF YOU HAVE A HOBBY TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THINGS NOW AND AGAIN, IT HELPS A LOT..."

"MINE IS PHOTOGRAPHY... AND LAST WEEK, AFTER A MATINEE PERFORMANCE IN THE MIDLANDS..."

"SCOOTY! FORGET RIDES AGAIN! WHAT YOU GONNA SNAP THIS TIME, KEITH - COHENRY CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH, OR THE MOTOR WORKS, BY MOONLIGHT?"

"SECOND SCENES OUTSIDE THE THEATRE IF YOU MUST KNOW! NOW WHY DON'T YOU MICKY-TAKING LOT BELT UP!"

"SURE I'M KEITH FORSEY! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, HONEY?"



"I KNOW THIS GOURDS BILLY, BUT MY NAME IS, LISA JOHNSON, AND MY BIGGEST AMBITION IS TO BE A MODEL..."

"YOU MEAN YOU'D LIKE ME TO DO SOME BLOW-UPS OF YOU?"

"LISA, IT WOULD BE A REAL PLEASURE!"

"W-WELL, IT IS MY FIRST TIME, KEITH. AND WHAT I WONDERED WAS WHETHER YOU COULD COME WITH US AND TAKE THE PHOTOGRAPHS..."

"MIGHT HELP HER A LOT, GON. I'D PAY YOUR FARE AND EXPENSES..."

"WHY NOT? WE FINISH HERE TOMORROW NIGHT AND I'M FREE FOR A WEEK..."



"I MEANT IT TOO, EVEN THOUGH THE REST OF THE BOYS THOUGHT I WAS NUTS!"

"KEITH, I SMELL A RAT THIS DAY'S. SAVING YOU FOR A RIDE..."

"OH, STOP BUGGING ME! SHE'S JUST A SWEET KID WHO WANTS TO GO PLACES AND I'M GONNA HELP HER!"

"EXCITED? I'LL SAY I WAS! BUT ONCE AGAIN, THE REST OF THE BOYS OBJECTED..."

"KEITH, YOU MUST HAVE FLIPPED YOUR LID. THERE'S SOMETHING RIGHT GOING ON, CAN'T YOU SEE THAT?"

"AW, NUTS! YOU GUYS ARE JUST JEALOUS, AND IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA PASS UP A FREE TRIP TO PARIS THEN YOU'VE FLIPPED YOUR LIDS!"

"WELL, LISA AND I DID THE EIGHTS - AND WHEN EVENING CAME..."

"THE PLACE LOOKS ALL LOCKED UP! YOU GUYS THIS IS THE RIGHT ADDRESS, MAXIE?"

"BLANC ON TIME, I'LL DARE KIDS. THIS IS IT!"

"THE PHOTO SESSION ISN'T UNTIL TONIGHT, YOU TWO HAVE RUN AND MEET ME AT THIS ADDRESS LATER..."

"LUNCH IN GAY PARÉ! MAN IT WAS REALLY SOMETHING..."

"SKAALS AND PROGS! (ESS A-OUH) NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL LIVING WITH A DIFFERENCE!"

"MONDAY CAME... AND LISA, MAXIE AND I SET OFF..."



"ANYWAY, I TOOK THE EXOTS AND THREE OR FOUR DAYS LATER..."

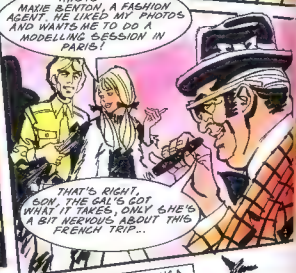
"LISA! HEY, WHAT THE?"

"GREAT NEWS, KEITH! SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR REHEARSAL, BUT I'VE GOT A CONTRACT..."



"NOW BUTTUP UP! I'M GOING AND THAT'S THAT!"

"STUBBORN CLONN! A PRETTY GIRL FLUTTERS HER EYELASHES AT HIM, AND HE ENDS UP LIKE A LOVE-SICK HOUND DOG!"



"THIS IS, MAXIE BENTON, A FASHION AGENT. HE LIKES MY PHOTOS AND WANTS ME TO DO A MODELLING SESSION IN PARIS!"

"THAT'S RIGHT, GON. THE GALS GOT WHAT IT TAKES, ONLY SHE'S A BIT NERVOUS ABOUT THIS FRENCH TRIP..."

"MONDAY CAME... AND LISA, MAXIE AND I SET OFF..."

"LUNCH IN GAY PARÉ! MAN IT WAS REALLY SOMETHING..."

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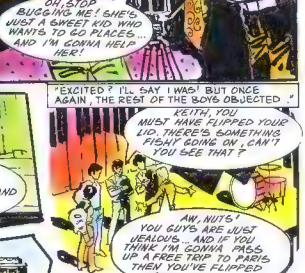
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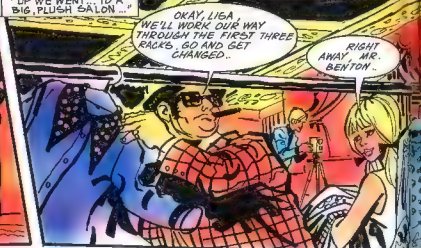
"LUNCH IN GAY PARÉ! MAN IT WAS REALLY SOMETHING..."

"SKAALS AND PROGS! (ESS A-OUH) NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL LIVING WITH A DIFFERENCE!"



OF COURSE!
IT'S A PRIVATE
SESSION, SON, SO DON'T
WORRY ABOUT A
THING.

"UP WE WENT TO A
BIG PLUSH SALON..."



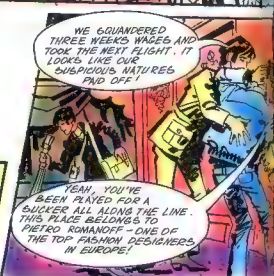
OKAY, LISA,
WE'LL WORK OUR WAY
THROUGH THE FIRST THREE
RACKS, GO AND GET
CHANGED.

RIGHT
AWAY, MR.
BENTON.



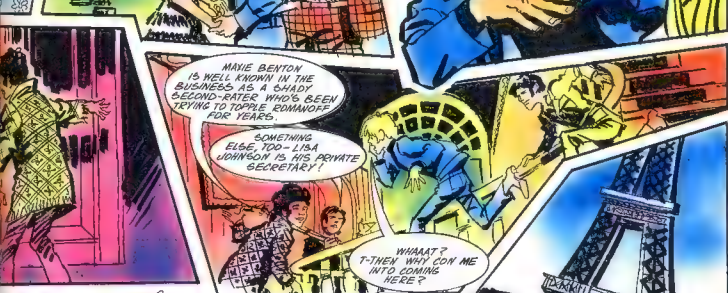
KEITH!
KEITH, ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

I... I
GUESS SO - BUT
HOW DID YOU GUYS
GET HERE?



WE GUARANTEED
THREE WEEKS' WAGES AND
TOOK THE NEXT FLIGHT. IT
LOOKS LIKE OUR
SUSPICIOUS NATURES
PAID OFF!

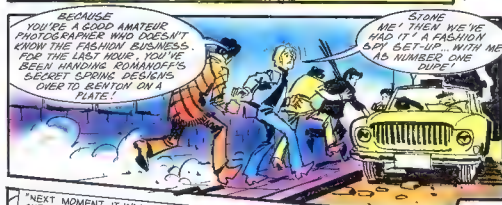
YEAH, YOU'VE
BEEN PLAYED FOR A
BUCKER ALL ALONG THE LINE.
THIS PLACE BELONGS TO
PIETRO ROMANOFF - ONE OF
THE TOP FASHION DESIGNERS
IN EUROPE.



OKAY,
HOLD IT! HONEY, THAT
WAS GREAT - JUST GREAT!
WHEN THESE ARE
PRINTED, YOU.

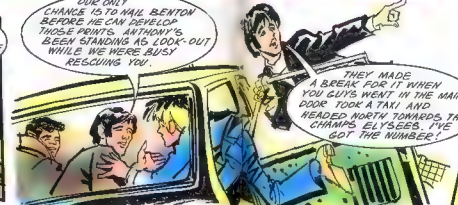
YAAAGH!

NICE
GOING, MAX! GRAB HIS
CAMERA AND LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE!



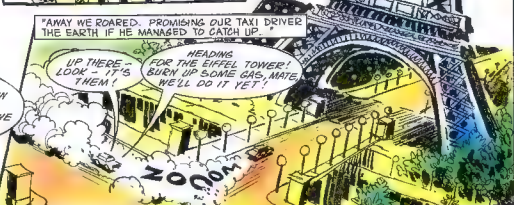
BECAUSE
YOU'RE A GOOD AMATEUR
PHOTOGRAPHER WHO DOESN'T
KNOW THE FASHION BUSINESS.
FOR THE LAST YEAR, YOU'VE
BEEN HANDING ROMANOFF'S
SECRET SPRING DESIGNS
OVER TO BENTON ON A
PLATE!

STONE
ME! THEN WE'VE
HAD IT! A FASHION
SPY GET-UP... WITH ME
AS NUMBER ONE
GUY!



OUR ONLY
CHANCE IS TO NAIL BENTON
BEFORE HE CAN DEVELOP
THOSE PRINTS. ANTHONY'S
BEEN STANDING AS LOOK-OUT
WHILE WE WERE BUSY
RESCUING YOU.

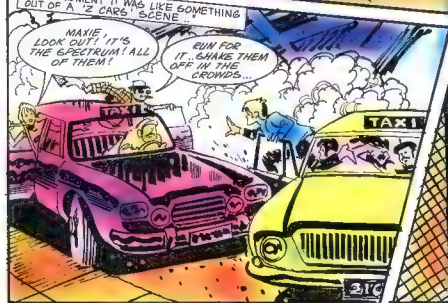
THEY MADE
A BREAK FOR IT WHEN
YOU GUYS WENT IN THE MAIN
DOOR TOOK A TAXI AND
HEADED NORTH TOWARDS THE
CHAMPS ELYSEES. I'VE
GOT THE NUMBER!



"AWAY WE RODE, PROMISING OUR TAXI DRIVER
THE EARTH IF HE MANAGED TO CATCH UP."

UP THERE -
LOOK AT IT'S
THEM!

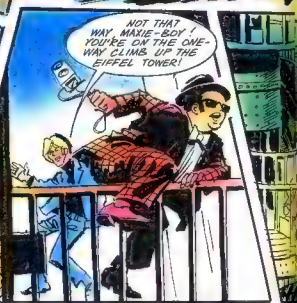
HEADING
FOR THE EIFFEL TOWER!
SOON UP SOME GAS, MATE.
WE'LL DO IT YET!



"NEXT MOMENT IT WAS LIKE SOMETHING
OUT OF A 'Z' CAR'S SCENE

MAYBE
LOOK OUT! IT'S
THE SPECTRUM! ALL
OF THEM!

RUN FOR IT!
SHOVE THEM
OFF IN THE
CROWDS.

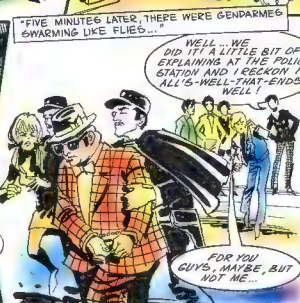


NOT THAT
WAY, MAYBE - BOY!
YOU'RE ON THE ONE-
WAY CLIMB UP THE
EIFFEL TOWER!



AADWW!

SWEET
DREAMS, OLD SON!
WINTERGUYS ARE RIGHT
IN FASHION THIS
YEAR!



"FIVE MINUTES LATER, THERE WERE GENDARMES
SWARMING LIKE FLIES..."

WE'LL
WELL, WE
DID IT! A LITTLE BIT OF
EXPLAINING AT THE POLICE
STATION AND I BELIEVE IT'S
ALL'S-WELL-THAT-ENDS-
WELL!

LOOK AT
MY CAMERA, FOR
PETE'S SAKE!

HA! HA!
SERVES YOU RIGHT, KEITH!
FROM NOW ON YOU'LL HAVE
TO TAKE UP A NICE CHAP
HOBBI!



FOR YOU
GUYS, MAYBE, BUT
NOT ME...



group enter the building, Armfuls of equipment leading the way, through the main doors, past reception and through the swing doors.

Behind the doors, cutting off the outside world, hides a small but compact studio, complemented with all the sound equipment for making that first step on the long road to fame. The walls are sound-proofed with dozens of egg-box cartons comfortably nestling together. At the end of the room lies the epitome of the recording world, the control room, partitioned off from the rest of the studio by a thick glass-plated window. It is in here that all the tricks are performed on the record to make it up to the usual high standard for the buying market. In here, in the small square-shaped room, lie the tape machines, echo chambers and various other pieces of intricate machinery for moulding the record into shape. Above this box a magic eye lamp burns bright with the words "On the Air" printed above it. The notice speaks for itself.

Kit erected, the drummer, isolated behind a screen, runs into a practice routine... soon to be quelled by the guitarists who shout for silence as they enact their tuning vigil.

Now guitars have been tuned, equipment set up and drums put together. But still the group wait for their cue to start! Each one takes his allocated position. At the entrance stands the singer, again hidden behind a wooden screen, earphones to ear and microphone to mouth... in the centre stand the three guitarists, their amplifiers giving out full blast though these, too, are concealed behind screens. All is ready.

Drums beat, guitars twang and vocal chords twinge as the group warm up with a few of their standard numbers! The practice lasts for an



BEHIND THE SCENES

Snow is trying to settle on the ground in the centre of Britain's "pop" world, renowned across the globe as "Tin Pan Alley".

To the outsider, the name Denmark Street just registers a 50 yard stretch of shops and offices. Everything seems normal... quiet... and peaceful. But inside the shops, the "front" is broken to reveal a hive of industry geared to making money from the pop business.

The snow thickens as a dormobile van crunches up the white mass and slides into the street. Brakes squeal in appreciation as the van screeches to a halt. The door slides open and one of Britain's up-and-coming new pop groups—"The Equals"—tumble out into the cold. Today is no ordinary day on their calendar. Today is the day they reach their goal and make a record!

The five members of the group are hastily joined by their road manager. Between them they unload their equipment from the back of the van. Inside the confinement of the travelling warehouse the mass of equipment fits snugly together—amps, drums, guitars—all the ingredients they need to cut their disc!

In seconds the "gear" is unloaded, and one by one the



hour. Tape spools turn as the sound is captured! Then playback. Ten ears listen intently, summing up the potential that is yet to be released. Now comes the golden moment, the time when the number is ready to be taped before finally turning into a record. Once, twice, three times, one number is performed. And again and again and again! Until at last it is perfected! And this is only the backing track! With this track in the "can" the vocalist goes into action listening to the backing over his earphones! Split-second timing is essential!

Several more takes and the number is finished ready in tape form... yet to be converted into a seven-inch disc and finally sold in the shops! And maybe a chart contender.

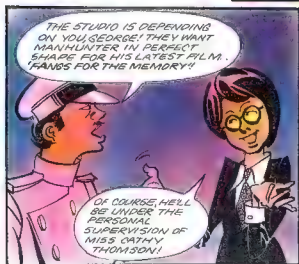
It is now the small hours of the morning and the five very tired "Equals" pack up their equipment and load it back into the van ready for the return home.

As night shrouds the deserted London city, the group trip outside again from the warmth of the recording studio into the nondescript street. A street that can tell many tales. They all clamber into the van and drive off. And snow begins to fall once more.

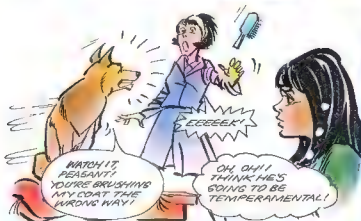
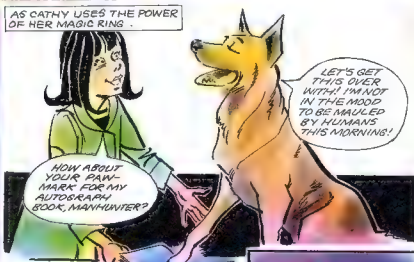


WHAT DID THAT DOG SAY?

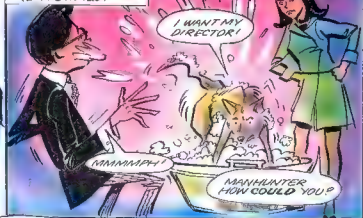
GEORGE'S POODLE PARLOURAMA RECEIVES A VERY IMPORTANT VISITOR...



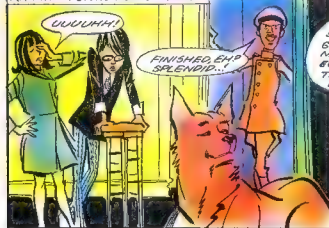
AS CATHY USES THE POWER OF HER MAGIC RING . . .

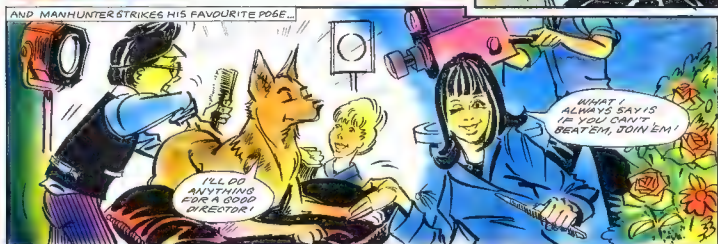
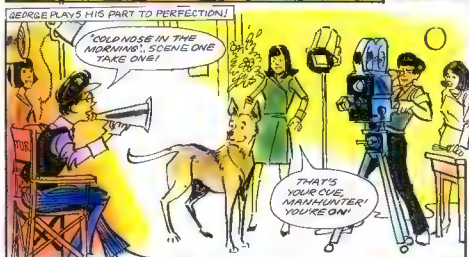
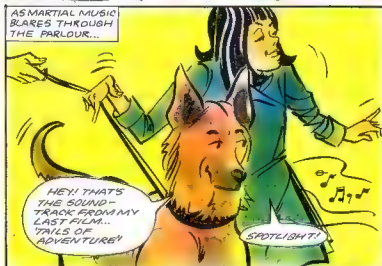


CATHY'S WORST FEARS ARE JUSTIFIED!



AN EXHAUSTING HOUR LATER . . .





the ANGELS Friday Teddycat

RHAPSODY ANGEL levelled her aircraft out at fifteen thousand feet and swept like a winged dart through the cloudless blue of the summer sky. Far below, the Pacific Ocean stretched mirror-like from horizon to horizon, foam-tipped wavelets etching a white, ever-changing pattern across its surface.

"Rhapsody Angel to Cloudbase. Course one-nine-zero. Speed two thousand. E.T.A. Bahamas thirteen hundred hours. Spectrum is green!"

"Roger!" Colonel White's clipped, metallic voice rasped harshly over the radio link. "Maintain present course and speed. When you sight the target, strike hard and strike fast. There isn't much time, Rhapsody!"

"Don't worry, Colonel. I know what to do," Grimly, Rhapsody checked her directional gyros and wriggled deeper into her seat.

Just half an hour before, she and the other Angels who formed the airborne strike force of Spectrum, had been relaxing off-duty in the amber room aboard Cloudbase.

Then the deep, menacing sound of a Mysteron warning had echoed and re-echoed through the main control room with chilling finality.

WE, THE MYSTERONS, WILL DESTROY THE COSMIC RESEARCH STATION AT NASSAU IN THE BAHAMAS.

Immediately, Colonel White and his team had swept into action. Instant personnel check on cosmic station staff. Negative! Risk of Mysteron agents penetrating security screen . . . negative! Visio-scanner sweep on all mainland approach routes. Negative!

And then, as communications officer Lieutenant Green panned his equipment seawards, a faint blip had registered on the screen. Unidentified, unmanned ship

heading North-North-East towards the Bahamas.

The conclusion had seemed obvious. This was the Mysteron attack! A remote-controlled craft probably packed with hydromic explosives. Object? To ram the coastline less than a hundred yards from the main research station generator . . . and blow the entire project skywards in a haze of destruction.

And so, Rhapsody Angel was on her way. Orders? To destroy that ship at all costs before it reached its destination.

Quickly, she glanced at her watch, 12.30 hours. Just half an hour to go. "Rhapsody Angel to Cloudbase," she said softly. "Please confirm that evacuation of all personnel from target area has been completed."

Colonel White's voice replied at once. "Yes, evacuation was completed twenty minutes ago. Even the beaches for five miles around have been cleared of tourists. It's all yours, Rhapsody!"

"Roger! Am diving for preliminary sweep now!"

Like a plummeting sea bird, the Angel aircraft peeled off and side-slipped towards the ocean. Silhouetted clearly on her portable visio-scanner, Rhapsody could see the black bulk of the Mysteron ship. Ten minutes from now and her missiles would send it billowing across the sea in a ball of flame and smoke.

Then she tensed. Sweeping low over a golden beach less than two hundred yards from the research station's perimeter wire, two tiny, moving black dots caught her eye. Next moment, there could be no doubt about it. There were two people down there in the target area!

"Rhapsody Angel to Cloudbase!" Quite suddenly her voice was shrill with dismay. "Evacuation not complete. I can see two people down there. I think they're children . . . little girls!"

"What?" Colonel White's gasp of amazement was plain

to hear. "They must have been missed. Probably a couple of kids who were playing on the beach. Can you flash a warning to them?"

"No, they're probably too young to understand. Let me land, Colonel. I might just be able to snatch them clear before the Mysteron ship gets too close."

"Are you crazy? Waste time rescuing them now, and the whole area will be devastated. That cosmic station is vital to the Earth's security network."

"But I think I can rescue them and still have enough time for a strike. Please, Colonel, you've got to let me try." All at once there were tears of desperation in Rhapsody's eyes.

Colonel White hesitated for the merest fraction of a second . . . and when he spoke again, his voice was cold and authoritative. "Sorry, Rhapsody, I know how you feel . . . but I can't take the chance. Those children will have to be left."

"But Colonel . . ."
"Don't argue with me, Rhapsody. Proceed with the attack as planned. That's an order!" There was a faint crackle as the radio link went dead.

FOR a full minute, Rhapsody sat very still, her mind and emotions battling against every scrap of military training she'd ever received. To disobey orders was to invite instant dismissal from the service. "B-but how can I just leave them?" she thought desperately. "Children on the threshold of life. Youngsters who at least deserve a chance to live!"

Next moment, without even thinking, she was banking the aircraft steeply towards the beach. Retro jets blasting at full power, she skimmed in from the sea and landed less than a hundred yards from the happy, carefree children.

She had been right. They were little girls. Aged about ten, they were obviously sisters, with golden, wavy hair and sparkling blue eyes. As Rhapsody stepped from the

cockpit, they ran excitedly across towards her. "Hello! I'm Mandy and this is Susan. We're on holiday here, but we can't find our Mummy and Daddy."

"Why have you landed an aeroplane on the beach?" asked Susan innocently.

Rhapsody grabbed their arms and thrust them urgently towards her plane. "I'll explain later," she said. "Right now I want you both to come for a

trip with me. It'll be a tight squeeze in the cockpit, but I'm sure you can manage."

"Ooh, super," said Mandy delightedly.

"My teddy! I'm not going without my teddy," said Susan firmly. Breaking away, she ran to a near-by sand dune and came back with a very old, very battered teddy bear. "This is Samuel," she said proudly, holding him up. "He's my best friend."

"I think he's gorgeous,"



said Rhapsody with a cheerfulness she didn't feel. "Now please get in. Hurry!"

Seconds later she was climbing at fantastic speed towards the sky. Height, two thousand. It was the lowest she dare achieve before diving for an attack on the enemy ship.

13.10 hours! Already the Mysterion hulk was dangerously close. She should have attacked ten minutes ago and destroyed the ship while it was still out of range of land.

"Too late to worry now," thought Rhapsody grimly. "I'll have time for just one strike, so it had better be good."

The altimeter hovered on two thousand . . . then she was diving. The silver cross which marked the centre of her firing sight moved with infinitesimal slowness across the empty ocean. Then it zeroed on the ship. Stern first, then the nuclear exhaust funnel. One degree out! Steady . . . steady! Hold it there! Bang on target. Hydromic explosives probably situated in the main hold. With a trembling finger, Rhapsody pressed the firing button.

A split second later she was pulling out of a dive that brought her only feet from the white-flecked Pacific waves. Behind and to starboard, a roaring, billowing mantle of flame was spreading upwards and outwards across the sea.

Rhapsody smiled. "Done it," she said aloud. "I've done it!"

Susan and Mandy clapped excitedly. "Look at that lovely fire," said Susan gleefully. "Did you do that?"

"Yes," said Rhapsody almost apologetically. "I'm afraid I did!" Turning, she switched on to audio. "Mission successful," she reported calmly. "Target destroyed. Cosmic research station intact."

"Well done!" White's voice harshly echoed in the tiny cockpit. "Return to Cloudbase. Over and out."

Susan pointed to the now-silent radio. "Who was that man?" she asked.

"Someone called Colonel White," said Rhapsody. "And right now, I don't think he'd be pleased to see you."

Banking, she turned on a course for home. The Mysterons had failed, but there was still the question of disobeying orders. If Colonel White found out . . . Rhapsody

shivered. She didn't like the idea at all! "Best thing for me to do is hide the kids on Cloudbase until I can find a way of getting them back to their parents," she thought worriedly. "I'll take Harmony and the other Angels into my confidence. At least they'll understand."

And sure enough, an hour later, when Rhapsody landed on Cloudbase and the automatic cockpit seat had lowered both her and the children down to the amber room, she found the other girls a willing audience to her story.

"He ordered you to leave them?" gasped Melody in disbelief. "That's awful."

"Absolutely," said Harmony. "I'd probably have done exactly the same thing in your place. Tell you what—you go and deliver your final report to the Colonel and we'll keep them hidden here until we decide what to do."

Rhapsody nodded gratefully, and fifteen minutes later, she was standing in front of Colonel White and Captain Scarlet in the main control room.

BUT strangely enough, the Colonel was not a happy man. "I just don't understand," he said, shaking his head. "From the samples we've taken of the air above the explosion

area, there doesn't seem to be any trace of hydromic material at all."

"You mean that ship wasn't packed with explosives?" asked Scarlet. "Are you trying to say that Rhapsody simply blew up an empty hulk?"

"Yes! I'm beginning to think that the ship was just a Mysterion decoy. Now it's destroyed, they probably hope we'll think the danger is over . . . and carry on with the real plan to wipe out the research station."

"But that's impossible, sir," said Rhapsody. "You carried out checks yourself. All routes to the station are guarded. No personnel have been Mysterionised. The sea approach is now empty. There isn't a living soul round that area for miles, so how could the Mysterons possibly—"

Quite suddenly Rhapsody broke off, and a cold, agonising dread seemed to creep almost tangibly up her spine. "Oh, good heavens," she gasped. "T—that area *wasn't* entirely cleared."

"You mean those two children you reported?" asked White casually. "I suppose it is possible the Mysterons were going to use them in some way, but they'll be dead by now, so—"

"B—but they're not dead," yelled Rhapsody. "I rescued them!" And then it came to her. Susan . . . a battered old teddy bear called Samuel.





"Of course—that's it. Colonel, sound red alert. Activate all emergency security drill, I'm taking off!"

"What the blazes...?" White stared in utter disbelief as Rhapsody turned and raced from the room. It was all so clear to her now. All so blindingly clear!

The automatic conveyor belt hummed wildly as Rhapsody jumped on and jabbed the button to full power. She had to reach the amber room in time and get skyborne. She just had to.

Seconds later she was there. Harmony yelped as Rhapsody heaved her aside and grabbed the limp-looking Samuel from Susan's hand. "My teddy," the girl shrieked. "Give me back my teddy!"

But Rhapsody didn't even answer. Within thirty seconds she was being powered upwards in her seat into the

Angel cockpit. Another twenty seconds and the mighty rockets were blasting her once again into that blue summer sky.

Grimly, at full throttle, she opened the emergency hatch and threw the teddy bear out into space. The slipstream caught it and spun the battered lump of cloth a thousand feet behind her.

THEN it happened! BOOOM! With a roar that seemed to split the heavens, a concealed, pocket-size lump of hydro-mic explosive seared in a widening ball of fire across the sky. Then all was quiet.

"Whew," said Rhapsody as she wiped her brow. "That, as they used to say in all the best books... was a close shave!"

Half an hour later, she was standing in attention in front

of a grim-faced Colonel White. Susan and Mandy were beside her, playing happily.

"... and that's the whole story," said Rhapsody sadly. "When you said that the Mysterion ship had merely been a decoy, I knew then that the children's toy was probably the answer. By using the child's innocence, the Mysterions hoped to blow that station sky-high while we were looking for a slick, sophisticated form of attack."

"And instead of the station going up, you nearly blew *Cloudbase* to pieces," said White angrily. "Think what a prize for the Mysterions that would have been!"

Susan stepped forward, tears in her eyes. "Please, Mr Colonel," she said, tugging at White's uniform. "That lady took my teddy away and I want it back."

The Colonel looked down into two pleading eyes and a mop of golden hair. Then he smiled. "Susan, I think we should make that lady take you back to Nassau with your sister and buy you a brand new teddy. How would you like that?"

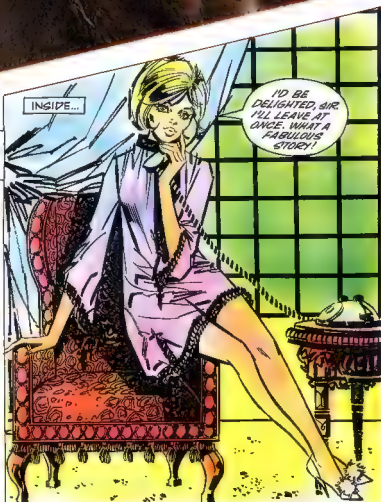
"Oooh, I'd love that! A new teddy and another trip in that lovely aeroplane. How super!"

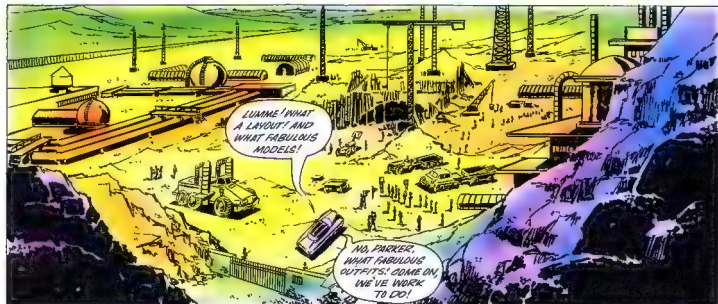
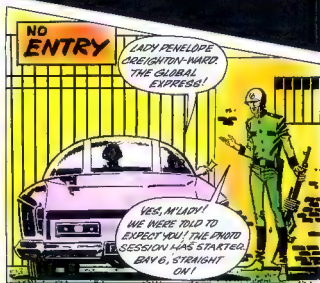
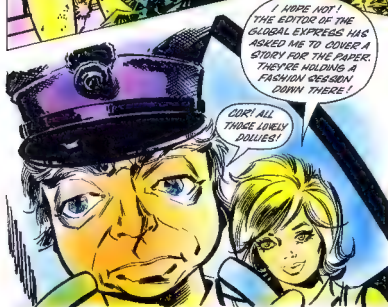
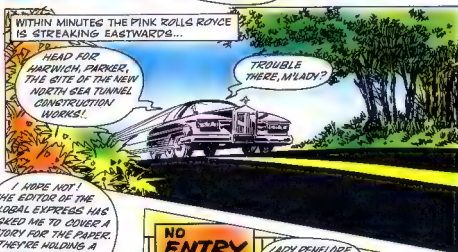
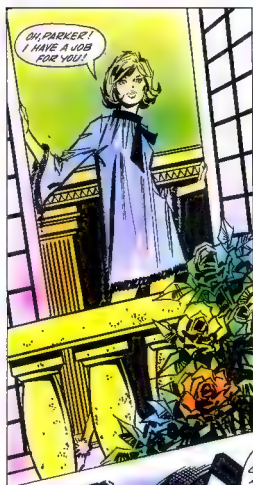
Rhapsody gasped. "Y-you mean you're not going to take any action, sir? About me disobeying orders, I mean..." her voice tailed off into an incredulous whisper.

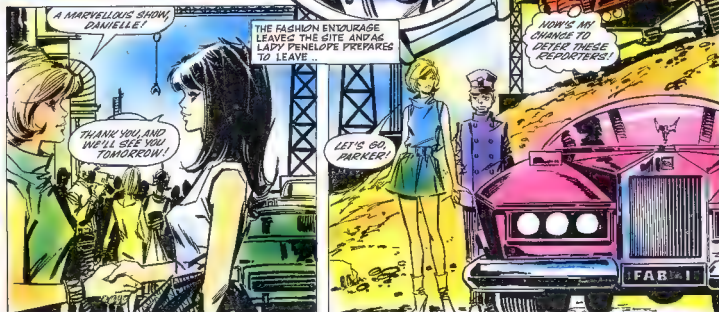
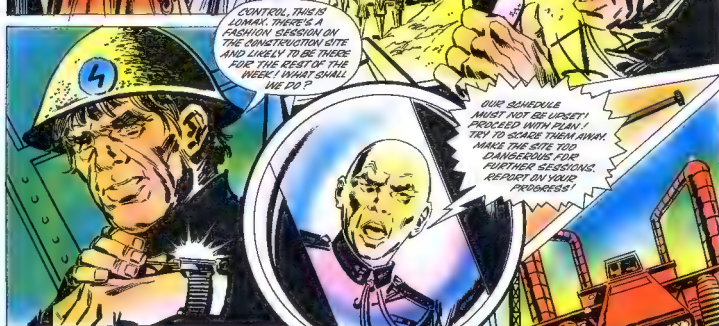
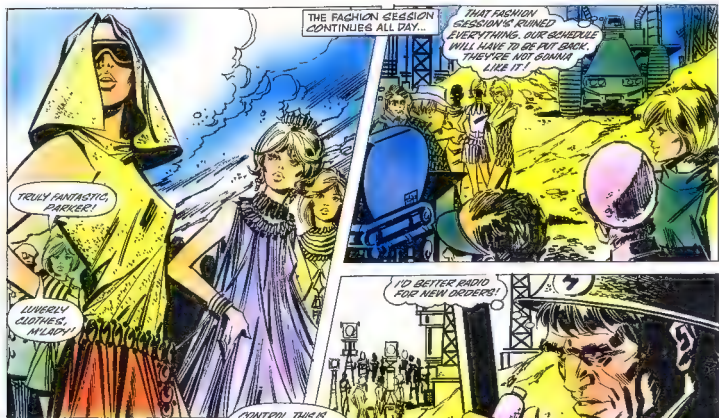
White frowned. "Not this time, Rhapsody. Just say I've been bemused by two blue eyes and a crown of golden hair... and count yourself lucky!"

"Yes, sir," said Rhapsody, taking the two girls by the hand. "Yes, sir!"

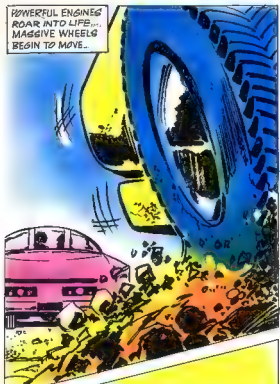
FREEBORN



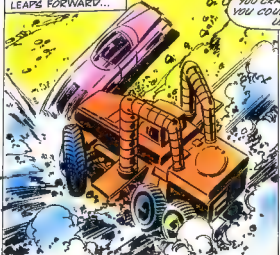




POWERFUL ENGINES
ROAR INTO LIFE...
MAGGIVE WHEELS
BEGIN TO MOVE...



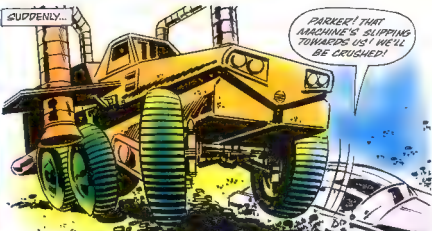
PARKER RAMS HOME
THE GEARS... FAB 1
LEAPS FORWARD...



YOU CRAZY IDIOT!
YOU COULD'VE KILLED
US!

SORRY, MATE! COULDN'T
HELP IT! IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT! THIS IS A
DANGEROUS SITE... YOU'D
BETTER BE CAREFUL
TOMORROW!

SUDDENLY...



PARKER! THAT
MACHINE'S SLIPPING
TOWARDS US! WE'LL
BE CRUSHED!

I'VE AN ODD
FEELING THAT WAS
DELIBERATE! WHO TOLD
HIM WE WERE COMING
BACK TOMORROW? STOP
PARKER, THERE'S MORE
TO THIS THAN MEETS
THE EYE!



THAT MEANS
WE'RE GOING
INVESTIGATING!

LADY PENELOPE CONTACTS
THE SITE MANAGER...

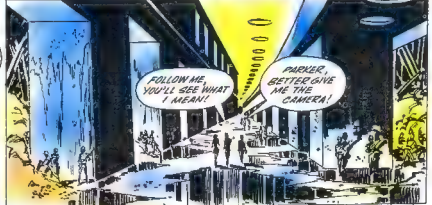
MY PAPER WOULD
LIKE A REPORT ON THE
SECURITY ASPECTS OF
A JOB LIKE THIS!



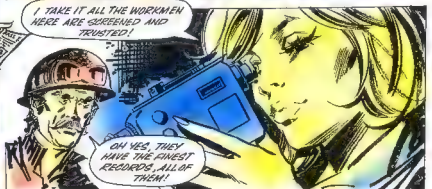
YOUR PASS IS
MY ORDER. YOU'LL
FIND IT VERY TIGHT
INDEED. PASS CHECKS
AND SO FORTH EVERY-
WHERE. AND PLENTY
OF GUARDS!

FOLLOW ME,
YOU'LL SEE WHAT
I MEAN!

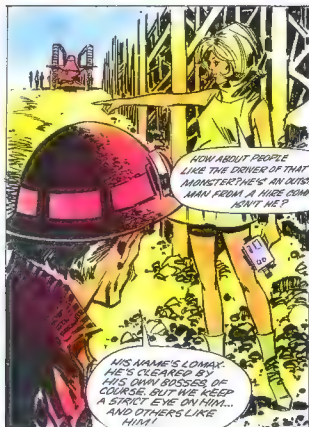
PARKER,
BETTER GIVE
HIS THE CAMERA!



I TAKE IT ALL THE WORKMEN
HERE ARE SCREENED AND
TRUSTED!



OH YES, THEY
HAVE THE FINEST
RECORDS, ALL OF
THEM!



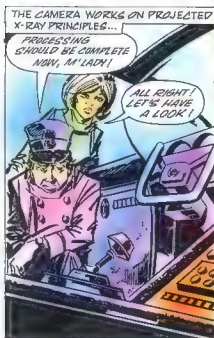
HOW ABOUT PEOPLE LIKE THE DRIVER OF THAT MONSTER? HE'S AN OUTSIDE MAN FROM A NICE COMPANY ASKED ME?

HIS NAME'S LOMAX. HE'S CLEARED BY HIS OWN BOSSES, OF COURSE, BUT WE KEEP A STRICT EYE ON HIM... AND OTHERS LIKE HIM!



YOU WON'T MIND IF I TAKE A GENERAL LOOK AROUND NOW?

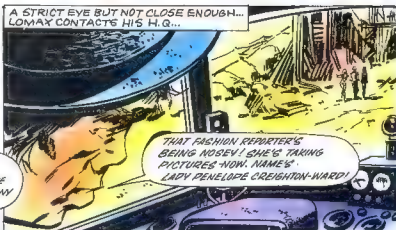
NOT AT ALL. THE GUARDS WILL STOP YOU IF YOU STRAY WHERE YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED!



THE CAMERA WORKS ON PROJECTED X-RAY PRINCIPLES...

PROCESSING SHOULD BE COMPLETE NOW, M'LADY!

ALL RIGHT! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!



A STRICT EYE BUT NOT CLOSE ENOUGH... LOMAX CONTACTS HIS H.Q...

THAT FASHION REPORTER'S BEING NOSEY! SHE'S TAKING PICTURES NOW. NAME'S LADY PENELOPE CREIGHTON-WARD!



LADY PENELOPE! WE'VE REASON TO BELIEVE SHE'S A TOP BRITISH SECRET AGENT! ELIMINATE HER!

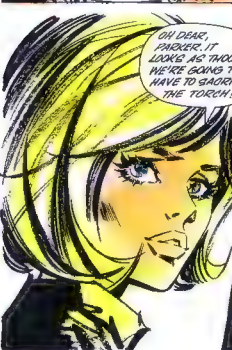
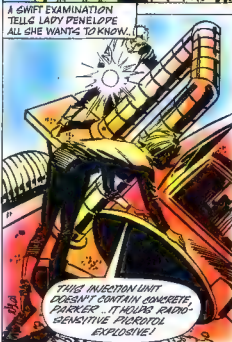
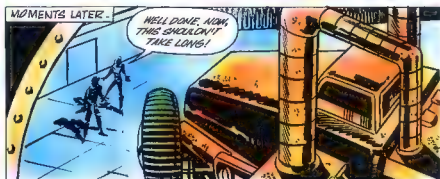
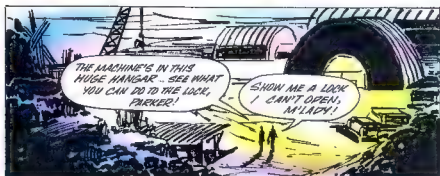
WE'D BETTER GET THOSE FILMS PROCESSED AT ONCE, PARKER. IF OUR FRIEND LOMAX IS SUSPECT, THEY MAY SHOW SOMETHING...



WELL, WELL! WE'RE IN LUCK, PARKER! LOOK AT THE SHOTS OF THE CONCRETE PILES LOMAX'S MACHINE MANUFACTURES!

THOSE PILES SHOULD BE SOLID... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE CENTRE OF THEM. TONIGHT, WE'LL TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!

LADY PENELOPE ARRANGES ACCOMMODATION ON THE SITE, AND DEEP IN THE DARK HOURS...



BUT LOWAX, THOUGH
BLINDED, FIGHTS
LIKE A WILDCAT...

A KNEE COMES UP,
SICKENINGLY...

UGGHH!

FATE GIVES LOWAX HIS OPPORTUNITY...

ARE YOU
OKAY?

IN- IN A
MOMENT...
YOU GO ON,
M'LADY

CURSE THAT WOMAN!
THE WHOLE PLAN'S FOILED!
BUT IF I CAN SILENCE HER...
ONE LAST HOPE...

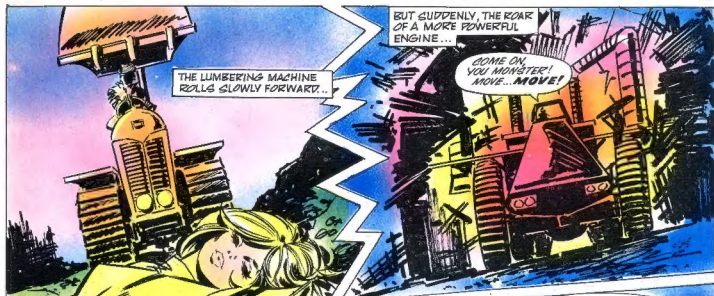
GOT TO STOP HIM!
IF HE GETS AWAY AND
BACK TO HIS BOSSES,
MY COVER'S
BLOWN!

LADY PENELOPE'S HEAD
SLAMS AGAINST A ROCK
WITH STUNNING FORCE...

AAAGH!

NOW FOR THE
KILL... AND I CAN
BURY THE BODY
AT THE SAME
TIME!

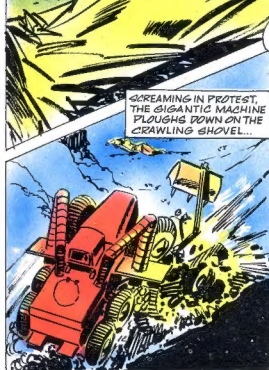
WHOEVER'S
GOING TO FIND
HER UNDER A
TON OF EARTH?



THE LUMBERING MACHINE
ROLLS SLOWLY FORWARD...

BUT SUDDENLY, THE ROAR
OF A MORE POWERFUL
ENGINE...

COME ON,
YOU MONSTER!
MOVE...MOVE!



SCREAMING IN PROTEST,
THE GIGANTIC MACHINE
PLOUGHS DOWN ON THE
CRAWLING SHOVEL...



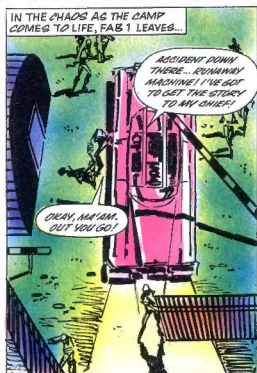
IT WAS 'IM OR YOU,
M'LADY...THERE DIDN'T
SEEM ANY OTHER WAY!

IT-IT'S
ALL RIGHT,
PARKER!

GOR! I'VE JUST BEEN
THINKIN'! SOMEONE'S
GOING TO HAVE TO DIG
OUT ALL THE CONCRETE
PILES ALREADY SUNK
IN THAT PLACE!



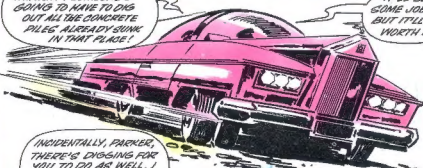
NOW...WE'VE GOT TO
CLEAR OUT. INTELLIGENCE
WILL HAVE TO
EXPLAIN TO THE SITE
MANAGER!



IN THE CHAOS AS THE CAMP
COMES TO LIFE, FAB 1 LEAVES...

ACCIDENT DOWN
THREE...CONWAY
MACHINE! I'VE GOT
TO GET THE STORY
TO MY CHIEF!

OKAY, M'AM,
OUT YOU GO!



IT'LL BE
SOME JOB,
BUT IT'LL BE
WORTH IT!



INCIDENTALLY, PARKER,
THERE'S DIGGING FOR
YOU TO DO AS WELL. I
DON'T SUPPOSE THE
GARDEN'S BEEN
FINISHED WHILE
WE'VE BEEN
AWAY!

SWIPE ME! IF I'D REMEMBERED,
I'D 'AVE MOVED ONE O' THEM
MECHANICAL SHOVELS!



